Woodwind

WOODWIND

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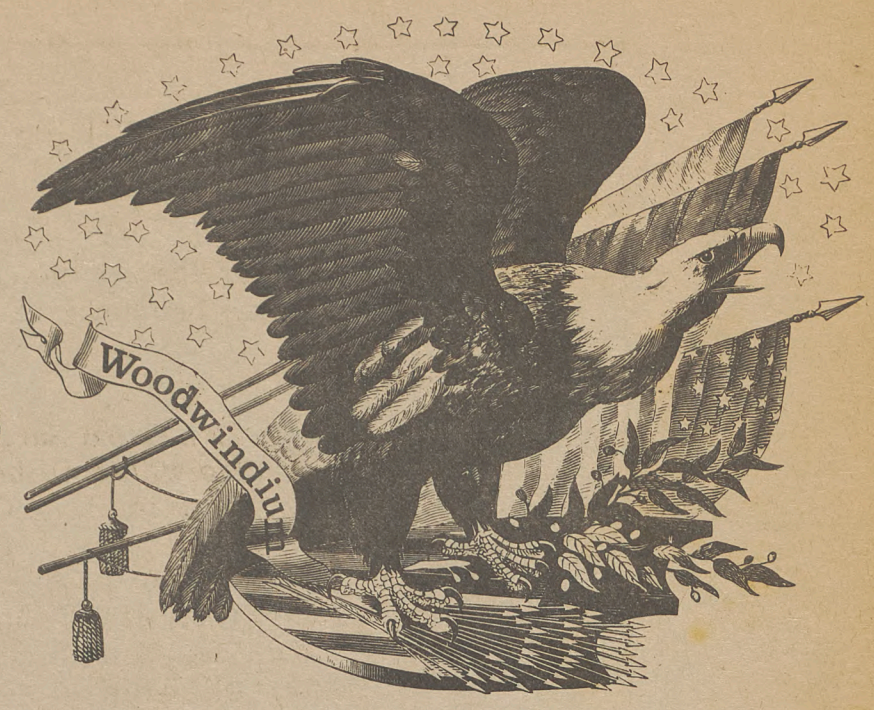

WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write about, or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

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contributing this issue:
The cover and drawing on Page 7 are by Razzle Dazzle

The articles on Pages 4 &5 are reprinted from Radical Software which is now available at the Community Bookshop on P Street.

The T. Rex interview is reprinted from Melody Maker.

others: L. Ron Hubbard, Louie Bellucci, Ned Chaillet, Nell Corry, Bob Stark, Paul Jones, Tom Shales, Mike Hogan, Philip Jason, David Tannous, Paula Novotnak (from "Poems of the People"), Tina Dessoulis, Merril Greene, Gypsy, Dede Baldwin, Tim Healey, Mike Schreibman, Richard Harrington (editor)

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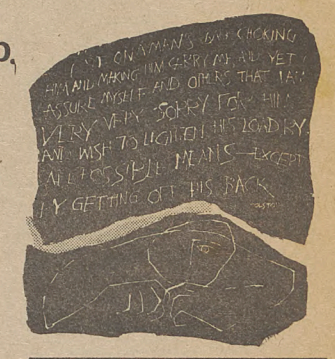

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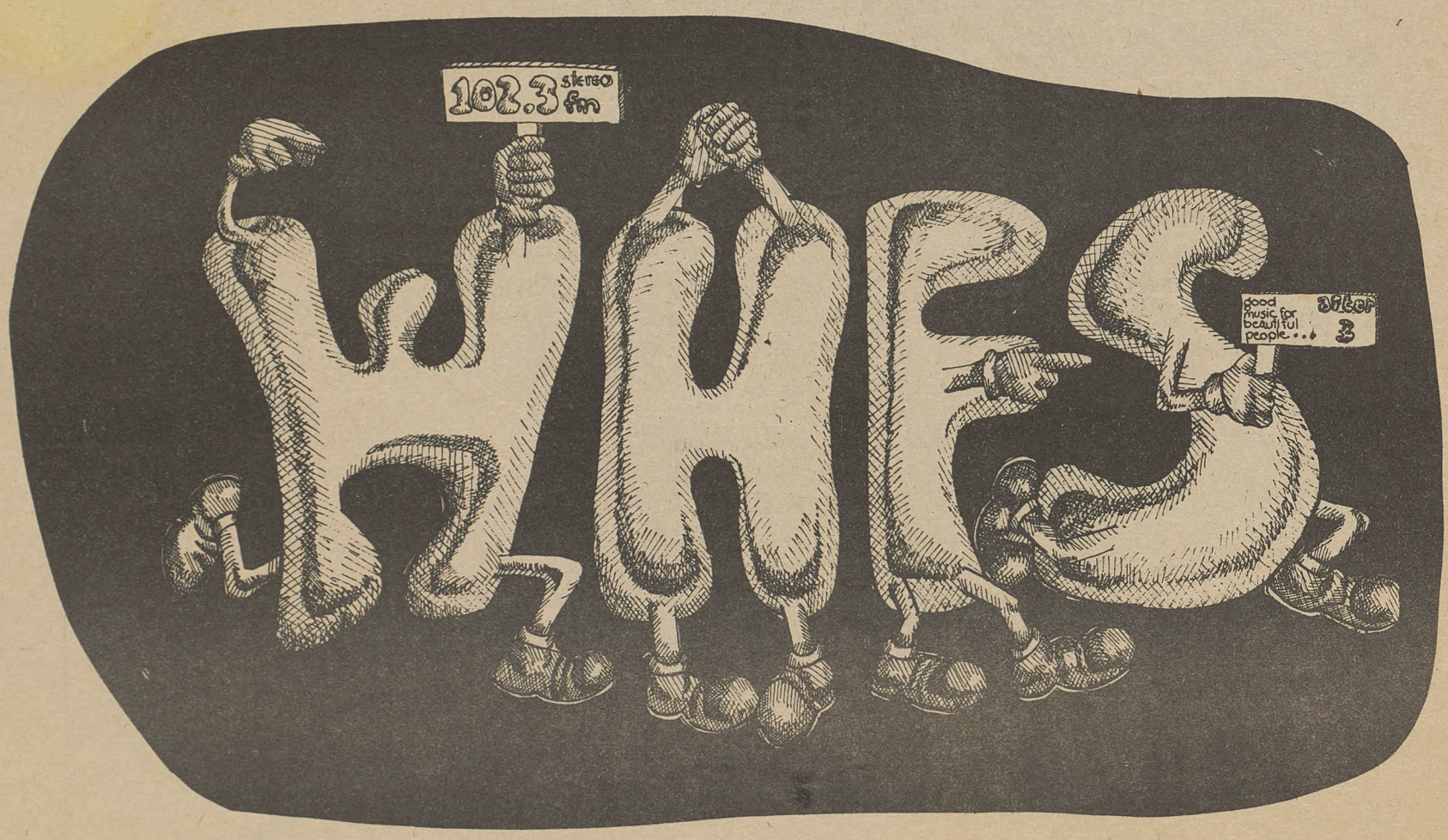


I am a humble brother in the Great Family of Humanity.
I am one with my brothers.

I realize:

There is a Great Sacred Power within myself;
It is also within all beings in the Universe.
The Power in me is ONE with the Power in my brothers.

I realize:

I am a unit of Light within the Great Sea of Light;
Every form of Life in the Universe is a unit of Light in the Great Sea of Light.
I am ONE with all units of Life in the Great Sea.

I realize:

I am a unit of Mind within the Great Universal Mind;
Every form in the Universe is, also, a unit of Mind.
I am ONE with all units of MIND in the One Universal Mind.

I realize that the Universe is the Macrocosm and I am the Microcosm;
I realize my position in the Universal Pattern of Life.

May the Great Sacred Power within me, the Great Sea of Light,
the Great Universal Mind,
Be reflected through the humble unit that is me,

So that by my thoughts and words and deeds
The Brotherhood of Humanity may be raised
One step nearer to the Goal of Perfection.

May all beings realize the Great Sacred Power within themselves
And use it to its fullest extent.
I will do my part to make this possible.

I am a humble brother in the Great Family of Humanity.
I am a unit of Light, a unit of Mind, a unit within the ALL.
I realize;
There has never been a severance of the units from the Source-Of-All. All is ONE. Seperation lies in thought.

I am a humble brother in the Great Family of Humanity.
I am ever a student with open Mind, a "Servant of Humanity".
I blend my Light with the Light of all Those who work for the upliftment of Humanity from the darkness of ignorance.
All of the units of Light blend into One Great Light.

I am a Channel of Truth in the world.
The Spiritual Light that comes from the Source-Of-All (the DOT in the Centre of the Universal Circle)
Pours into me and through me. That LIGHT is the Cloak that enfolds me
As I move among the crowds of men unidentified, unnoticed,
Lending a helping hand to a brother when and where it is needed,
So that my brother can learn to stand alone and to help himself.
Thus do I stand.

My two hands are symbols of my dedication;
The right hand to hold onto the Ladder as I climb upward;
The left one always outstretched to a younger brother.

This is the KEYNOTE OF MY LIFE:
As I grow and rise toward the Sun,
I will lift up my brother with me.
Every form of life in the Universe is "my brother".

KUMI MAITREYA

4

CYBERNETIC GUERRILLA WARFARE

by Paul Ryan

To fight a hundred times and win a hundred times is not the blessing of blessings. The blessing of blessings is to beat the other man's army without getting into the fight yourself.

The Art of War Sun Tzu

Part I GUERRILLA STRATEGY AND CYBERNETIC THEORY

Traditional guerrilla activity such as bombings, snipings, and kidnappings complete with printed manifestos seems like so many ecologically risky short change feedback devices compared with the real possibilities of portable video, maverick data banks, acid metaprogramming, Cable TV, satellites, cybernetic craft industries, and alternate life styles. Yet the guerilla tradition is highly relevant in the current information environment. Guerrilla warfare is by nature irregular and non-repetitive. Like information theory it recognizes that redundancy can easily become reactionary and result in entropy and defeat. The juxtaposition of cybernetics and guerrilla strategy suggests a way of moving that is a genuine alternative to the film scenario of NYC urban guerrilla warfare "Ice". Using machine guns to round up people in an apartment house for a revolutionary teach-in is not what the information environment is about. All power does not proceed frm the end of a gun.

We suffer the violence of the entropy of old forms—nuclear family, educational institutions, supermarketing, cities, the oil slick complex, etc., etc. They are running us down, running down on us and with us. How do we get out of the way? How do we develop new ways? This ship of state continues to oscillate into runaway from its people and its planetary responsibilities, while efforts continue to seduce us onto boarding this sinking ship—educational loans, fellowships, lowering the voting age. Where did Nixon come from anyway? How did that leftover from the days of Elvis get to be Captain of our ship, Master of our fate?

How many Americans once horrified by thermonuclear war are now thinking the unthinkable in ecological terms with a certain spiteful glee of relief at the prospect of a white hell for all?

Psychedelic my ass: Children of A-Bomb.
Bob Lenox

Nobody with any wisdom is looking for a straight out fight. We have come to understand that in fighting you too easily become what you behold. Yet there is no way on this planet to get out of the way. Strategy and tactics need be developed so the establishment in its entropy does not use up our budgets of flexibility. The efforts to enlist the young in the traditional political parties by '72 will be gross. Relative to the establishment and its cultural automatons, we need to move from pure Weiner wise Augustinian Cybernetics into the realm of war game theory and practice in the information environment.

The most elegant piece of earth technology remains the human biocomputer; the most important data banks are in our brain cells. Inherent in cybernetic guerrilla warfare is the absolute necessity of having the people participate as fully as possible. This can be done in an information environment by insisting on ways of feeding back for human enhancement rather than feeding off people for the sake of concentration of power through capital, pseudo mythologies or withheld information. The information economy that begins in a guerrilla mode accepts, cultivates and depends on living thinking flesh for its success. People are not information coolies rickashawing around the perceptions of the privileged, the well paid, or the past. People can and do process information according to the uniqueness of their perceptual systems. Uniqueness is premium in a noospheric culture that thrives on high variety. Information is here understood as a difference that makes a difference. The difficulties of a negentropic or information culture are in the transformations: how do we manage transformation of differences without exploitation, jam or corruption that sucks power from people.

I am not talking about cultivation of perceptual systems at the expense of emotional cadences. Faster is not always better. Doing it all ways sometimes means slowing down. Internal syncing of all facets is critical to the maintainence of a flexibility and avoidance of non-cybernetic "hang-up" and "drag."

The bulk of the work done on cybernetics from Weiner's guided missiles through the work at IBM and Bell Labs along with the various academic spin-offs has been big budget establishment supported and conditioned by the relation of those intellectuals to the powers that be distinctly non-cybernetic and unresponsive to people. The concept of entropy itself may be so conditioned. Witness the parallel between Weiner's theoretical statements about enclaves and the enclave theory of withdrawal from Vietnam. One of the grossest results of this situation is the preoccupation of the phone company and others with making "foolproof terminals" since many potential users are assumed to be fools who can only give the most dumb dumb responses. So fools are created.

The Japanese, the people we dropped the A-Bomb on in '45, introduced the portable video system to this country in 1967, at a price low enough so that independent and semi-independent users could get their hands on it and begin to experiment. This experimentation, this experience, carries within it the logic of cybernetic guerrilla warfare.

Warfare . . . because having total control over the processing of video puts you in direct conflict with that system of perceptual imperialism called broadcast television that puts a terminal in your home and thereby controls your access to information. This situation of conflict also exists as a matter of fact between people using portable video for feedback and in situations such as schools that operate through withholding and controlling the flow of information.

Guerrilla warfare. . . because the portable video tool only enables you to fight on a small scale in an irregular way at this time. Running to the networks with portable video material seems rear view mirror at best, reactionary at worst. What is critical is to develop an infrastructure to cable in situations where feedback and relevant access routes can be set up as part of the process.

Cybernetic guerrilla warfare . . . because the tool of portable video is a cybernetic extension of man and because cybernetics is the only language of intelligence and power that is ecologically viable. Guerrilla warfare as the Weathermen have been engaging in up to now and revolution as they have articulated it is simply play acting on the stage of history in an ahistoric context. Guerrilla theatre, doing it for the hell of it on their stage doesn't make it either. We need develop biologically viable information structures on a planetary scale. Nothing short of that will work. We move now in this present information environment in a phase that finds its best analogue in those stages of human struggle called guerrilla warfare.

Yet this is not China in the 1930's. Though there is much to learn from Mao and traditional guerrilla warfare this is not the same. Critically, for instance, in an economy that operates on the transformation of differences a hundred flowers must bloom from the beginning. In order to "win" in cybernetic guerrilla warfare, differences must be cherished, not temporarily suppressed for the sake of "victory." A la McLuhan, war is education. Conflict defines differences. We need to know *what not to be* enough to internally calculate our own becoming earth-alive noosphere. The more we are able to internally process differences among us the more we will be able to process "spoils" of conflict with the entropic establishment—i.e., understanding the significant differences between us and them in such a way as to avoid processing what is dangerous and death producing. Learn what you can from the Egyptians, the exodus is cybernetic.

Copyright 1971 by Paul Ryan

Illustrations by Claude Ponsot

Traditional guerrilla warfare is concerned with climate and weather. We must concern ourselves with decoding the information contours of the culture. How does power function here? How is this system of communications and control maintained? What information is habitually withheld and how? Ought it to be jammed? How do we jam it? How do we keep the action small enough so it is relevant to real people? How do we build up an indigenous data base? Where do we rove and strike next?

Traditional guerrilla warfare is concerned with knowing the terrain. We must expand this to a full understanding of the ecological thresholds within which we move. We must know ourselves in a cybernetic way, know the enemy in a cybernetic way, and know the ecology so that we can take and take care of the planet intact.

The traditional concern is for good generals. What's desirable for us is ad hoc heterarchies of power which have their logistics down. Cybernetics understands that power is distributed throughout the system. Relevant pathways shift and change with the conditions. The navy has developed war plans where the command is a fleet moves from ship to ship every fifteen minutes. It is near impossible to knock out the command vessel.

The traditional tricks of guerrilla warfare are remarkably suited for cybernetic action in an information environment. To scan briefly.

Mixing "straight" moves with "freak" moves. Using straight moves to engage the enemy, freak moves to beat him and not letting the enemy know which is which.

Running away when it's just too heavy. Leave the enemy's strong places and seek the weak. Go where you can make a difference.

Shaping the enemy's forces and keeping our own unshaped, thereby beating the many with the few.

Faking the enemy out. Surprise attacks.

The business of deception in guerrilla warfare is a turn off for most people in this relatively open culture. This is simply an area that need be better understood, if we are to be successful. People feel that concealing is unethical. Yet overexposure means underdevelopment. Many projects die of too much publicity. There is a sense in which we are information junkies feeding off each others unlived hopes. The media repeatedly stuns the growth of alternate culture in this country through saturation coverage. It is hard for an American to just keep his mouth shut and get something cooking. You are what you reveal. The star system renders impotent by overexposure and keeps others impotent through no exposure. Seeming different is more important than making a difference. Deception in guerrilla tactics is an active way of avoiding control by an alien, alienating intelligence. When a policeman takes your name, he takes over. I know a guy who is inventing another identity for the computer. There is a virtue of mistrust and wisdom in knowing significantly more about yourself than you reveal. *Love Thy label as thyself.*

We retreat in space, but we advance in time.
Mao

Count the Cost. We need develop an information accounting system, a cultural calculus.

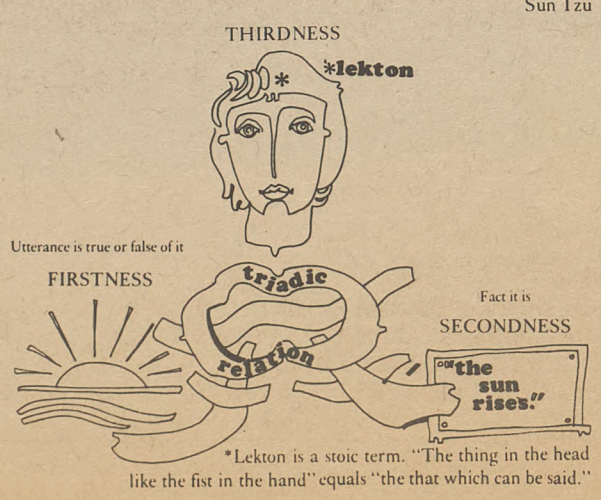
Use the enemies supply. With portable video one can take the Amerikan mythology right off the air and use it as part of a new perceptual collage.

Be flexible. In cybernetics, flexibility, the maintenance of a good guessing way is critical.

Patience. Cybernetics is inherently concerned with timing and time design. It is a protracted war.

Do not repeat a tactic which has gained you victory, but shape your actions in an infinite variety. Water sets its flow according to the ground below; set your victories according to the enemy against you. War has no constant aspect as water has no constant shape.

Sun Tzu



*Lekton is a stoic term. "The thing in the head like the fist in the hand" equals "the that which can be said."

Part II ATTEMPTING A CALCULUS OF INTENTION

Calculus of intention was a concept developed over many years by the cybernetic wizard, Warren McCulloch. He was in the business of brain circuits. McCulloch felt that dialogue breakdowns occurred largely because we lacked a logic that could handle triadic relationships. Here is his description of the problem of the calculus of intention.

The relations we need are triadic, not diadic. Once you give me triadic relations, I can make N-adic relations; but out of diadic relations I can't go anywhere. I can build strings and I can build circles, and there it ends.

The great problem of the nervous system is the one concerning its core, the so-called reticular formation . . . This reticular core is that thing that decides whether you'd better run or whether you'd better fight, whether you should wait, whether you should sleep, whether you should make love. This is its business and it has never relinquished that business. It is a structure incredibly simple when you look at it, but the problem that I'm up against is the problem of organization of many components, each of which is a living thing, each of which in some sense, senses the world, each of which tells others what it has sensed, and somehow a couple million of these cells get themselves organised enough to commit the whole organism. We do not yet have any theory that is capable of handling such a structure.

Communication: Theory and Research ed. Thayer, Lee, Thomas, Springfield 1967. McCulloch's commentary on "Logical Structure of the Mind."

I have not made a thorough study of McCulloch. It would take years. I do not know if what follows satisfies that criterion he established for such a calculus. I have maintained a certain organization of ignorance relative to formal cybernetics and formal topology. In fact, what follows would not, it seems, satisfy the kind of discreteness, one-two-three, that McCulloch seemed to want. However, such discreteness may not be necessary.

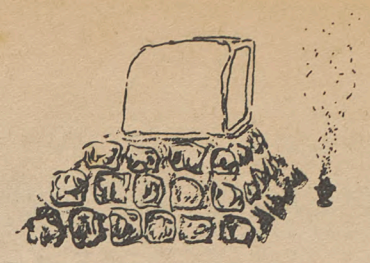
My approach stems from work with McLuhan that preoccupied me with the problem of how to maintain congruence between our intentions and our extensions. McLuhan talked of orchestration of media and sense ratios. Neither cut it. Orchestras just aren't around and sense ratios or *sensus communis* is a medieval model, essentially a simile of meta touch. Gibson's book on the senses considered as perceptual systems is richer in description of the process. It includes McLuhan's personal probing ability as an active part of the perceptual system.

While the following formulations may not in fact work as a calculus of intention I put them forth both because they have been exciting and useful for me and because the calculus itself seems a critical problem in terms of cybernetic guerrilla warfare. Dialogue degenerates and moves to conflict without an understanding of mutual intent and non-intent. While it does not seem that we can work out such a common language of intent with the people pursuing the established entropic way of increasingly dedifferentiated ways of eating bullshit; it is critical we develop such a language with each other. The high variety of self organizing social systems we are working toward will be unable to co-cybernate re each other re the ecology without such a calculus of intent.

This calculus of intention is done in mathmatical topology. **Topology is a non-metric elastic geometry. It is concerned with transformations of shapes and properties such as nearness, inside and outside.** Topologists have been able to describe the birth of a baby in terms of topological necessity. There is a feeling among some topologists that while math has failed to describe the world quantitatively, it may be able to describe the world qualitatively. Work is being done on topological description of verbs that seem common to all languages. Piaget felt that topology was close to the core of the way children think. Truck drivers have been found to be the people who are most able to learn new jobs. While driving truck for Ballantine one summer, it became apparent to me why. Hand an experienced driver a stack of delivery tickets and he could route in five minutes what would take you an hour. It was a recurring problem of mapping topologically how to get through this network in the shortest amount of time given one way streets etc.

I should say that my own topological explorations have a lot to do with a personal perceptive system that never learned phonetics, can't spell or sing, and took to topology the way many people seem to take to music. The strangest explicit experience with topology I've had came via a painter friend, Claude Ponsot, whose handling of complex topological patterns on canvas convinced me that a non-verbal coherent graphic thing was possible. The following transformations on the klein bottle—klein worms, if you will—came in the context of working with Warren Brody on soft control systems using plastic membranes. Behind that are three years of experience infolding videotape. I checked these formulations with a Ph.D. topologist. He had not seen them before, questioned whether they were strictly topological. As far as I know, they are original.

ALTERNATIVE FOR ALTERNATE MEDIA II
PEOPLE'S VIDEO THEATRE HANDBOOK



On the basis of relinquished responsibility by the many, the few have been able to monopolize power. Power is access to resources and control of accesses to resources. The technologies of mass media communications (satellite, broadcast, cable and closed circuit) make opportune a people's tool for access and input by the many into the decision making function of whatever social system prevails at any given moment. Here exists the arsenal of weaponry by which to confront the imperialization of human intellect inherent in our present systems of education, economics, government and culture. Relinquished power must be reassumed by the people forcing those whose vested interests are consumerships, constituencies, congregations, audiences, etc. to respond or go under in the mire of their own economics of dog eat dog competition. News is not information disseminated from a place of responsibility down to places of relinquished responsibility. We support government to have men oversee necessary bureaucracies but we do not hand over to them our rights of defining reality nor can we condone censorship and manipulation by information brokers salaried by any elite in the power struggle. The power struggle belongs to the people.

The closed circuit video tape system is the basic component of electronic media. Playback is instantaneous and the tools of production are one and the same with those of distribution: the VTR and monitor which can be carried into any situation; i.e., a living room, the street, a school, a TV broadcast station or cable channel for further transmission by air or line. Depending on the content, one could find their living room functioning as a city council chamber, the street, a psychology lab, a school, study halls in the Library of Congress, TV stations and cable channels as national and local polling precincts.

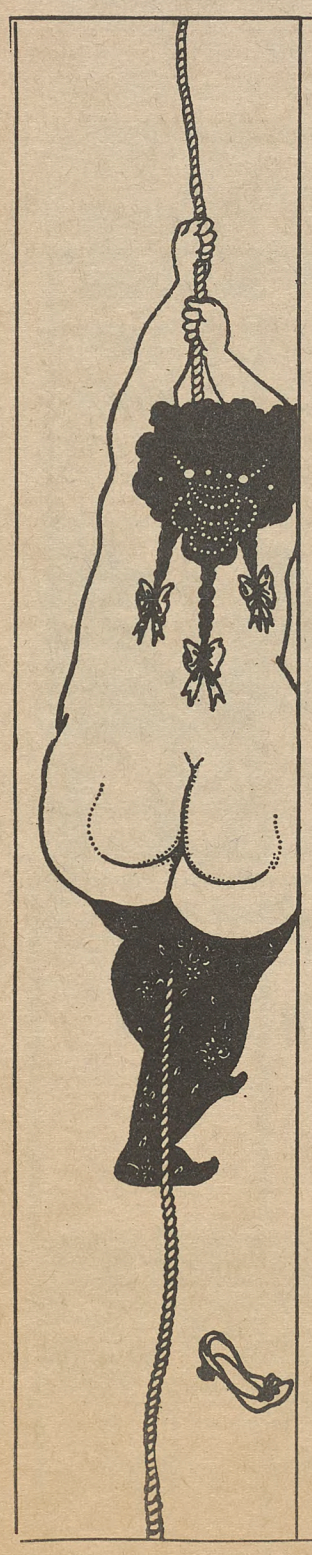
There are three basic areas in structuring a video theatre which is the basic unit for the production and exposure of individual information: 1) the facility; 2) content; 3) and broadening exposure. Facility refers to advertising, personnel, environment and admission charges. In NYC the *Village Voice* carries ads for about $15.00 weekly which in size and reach will suffice. Posters and fliers also help. Posters giving information on theatre location and hours of operation can be made up for about $50.00 per 1000 on cardboard. At least two people to take admissions and run tapes is necessary. PVT has, since its inception, conducted the Live-Forum during showings. This type of feedback format necessitates, then, a shooting crew (camera and interviewer). The environment—seating, number of monitors, size of space, etc., can be simply chairs facing one monitor or as has been created by Raindance in NYC, a multiplicity of space, alcoves, platforms facing a number of monitors placed in a variety of locations at different viewing levels providing a comfortable, lounging atmosphere. Global Village (also in NYC) orients their audiences towards nine monitors placed at one end of an open large loft space. PVT has evolved from a one monitor format to a livingroom, rug covered space, using three monitors in a half circle facing a larger half circle for seating on couches, chairs and on the floor. Lighting is sufficient for indoor shooting using 150 watt floods hung from ceiling pipes. *Generally, a space designed to stimulate interaction between members is most applicable to the video experience.* Videofreex, for example, has people up to their NYC production studio loft creating an atmosphere of intimacy between themselves and the audience. As to admission, whatever the traffic bears to cover at least advertising costs. In NYC a fair fare is $2.00. In Memphis, a group has access to a local movie house and shows tapes prior to film showings asking 25 cents above regular admission.

Content is not only the tapes shown but the program of tapes and the format. It can be anything from continuous showing of a variety of tapes, to tape-jockeying with live introductions to one tape, one-subject shows, to showings of tapes interspersed with live-forums for audience involvement. A proper show length is two hours. The best structures provide for maximum audience interaction. Video is not the frontal oriented theatre of movie house consumerism of product: *it is process.* On Thanksgiving 1970, the American Indians held a variety of demonstrations at Plymouth Rock. Out of PVT coverage was produced a 40 minute video newsreel. The following two weeks at PVT in NYC the tape was shown to Indian and non-Indian audiences. The Live-Forum that followed promoted dialogue between the various represented ethnic groups producing a tape having a unique interest of its own. Presently PVT is cooperating with the Younglords Party's Inmates Liberation Front (a group relating to the jails in NYC) in a three part, three week People's Video Forum. Besides showings of tapes on the issue, speakers are also present. All is videotaped in process and one week's tape provides the tape shown the next week. Each consecutive forum will involve more and various inputs of points of view. At this juncture, "Broadening Exposure" need be discussed. The production and exposure of information, whether entertainment or news, within the present video theatre context is limited. Cross communications between video theatres need be developed. Tape exchanges are a way. Considering the growth of cable in this country video people must address themselves to the macrocosm of the rampantly developing technology. For example, People's Video Forums on the jails could be extended via cable to larger audiences. The Forum format as a cablecast program could be made up of tapes produced at the theatre forums with speakers in the studio answering phoned-in questions from people throughout the city in living rooms. A resource of input could be activated and a city-wide consciousness of the issue raised. As we have seen, especially on FM radio in the music field, entertainment tapes could be aired on tape jockeying shows to a multiplicity of cultural and ethnic audiences. Locally originated and special interest-oriented news programs produced by the newsmakers themselves could provide more insightful public service programming. It must be remembered that media exposure is power and journalistic objectivity a romantic myth. The only potential for any semblence of fairness is to provide each citizen with an amplifier for the expression of self to others. There can be no better report on housing than the Spanish or broken English statements of a Puerto Rican telling and showing his or her East Harlem living condition of a rat infested, garbage stinking, 2 room, fifth floor walkup. The video theatre can function as a local information producing unit gaining the support of a constituency of citizens made up of individuals and groups based in the community. Local information services to the constituents, as to material, public services, health, etc., resources can become a new kind of advertising at low-low cost to the advertiser and can be of prime support value to the survival of the theatre. All this might be seen as community communication's centers, self-sustained by the community, open and accessible to all members of the community. Both as to production and exposure of their information. These centers then having access to cable could realize much needed media power. It is obvious that to cable owners this kind of situation would maximize subscription to their service, for the programs aired would be the desired fare of the people in the community since they'd produce them.

Some idea of cost for a producing/exposing theatre are as follows: 1) space—$150 monthly rental; 2) equipment —$5000 for two portable 1/2" video units and support systems; 3) tape—100 hours costing $6000 yearly; 4) Telephone, utilities, stationery, $700 yearly; 5) advertising—$2500 yearly; 6) transportation—$2000 yearly; and 7) personnel—4 full-time staff at $5000 each with a support video producers' collective who are compensated for work performed only and who share profits of tapes which prove to be lucrative. About $35,000 the first year can be cut in subsequent years as major equipment disbursements are no longer needed and community support through advertising and services is realized. Keep in mind that the above outlines the ideal condition from which to start. PVT (see **Radical Software II**—*Alternative for Alternate Media (1)* was started with $1700 worth of equipment and a paid for loft space. However, due to the growth of cable many foundations are becoming interested in supporting independent video program producers. Federal and state granting agencies are also beginning to act, if there can be enough collective insistence on funders, on cable owners, and local community powers. For development of community communications centers, the people can affect the course of events in confronting the imperialization of human intellect. As it stands now, cable ownership is monopolizing right under our noses not only hardware but software production and distribution. The FCC, which has questionable jurisdiction over cable because in most or all cases there's no crossing of state lines, must also be challenged. We, the people, must demand rights to access and exposure to cable lines of communications. None of us should sign cable service contracts without clauses which guarantee access to expose our information without sensorship on a regular basis on that cable line. We must make this issue a national political issue involving even presidential candidates' support. We must assume our responsibility of power and inherent right of self-expression without censorship. No one owns line of communications. If human intelligence has developed a means of broadening those lines, we thank the men and women as individuals who were instrumental in that effort, but we must not allow them to be rewarded with the power to determine our rights to utilization of those lines.

ALL MEDIA TO ALL THE PEOPLE.

In response to the above we invite your intellectual and material feedback to assist PVT in forming *The Committee for Democratization of Electronic Media (COMDEM).* Donations will go to establish a legal staff to approach redefining cable contracts, FCC rights over cable, campaigning for better cable, etc. COMDEM—PVT, 544 6th Ave., NYC 10011, 212-691-3254.



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A CONCEPT OF ART

ART is a word which summarizes THE QUALITY OF COMMUNICATION.

It therefore follows the laws of communication.

Too much originality throws the audience into unfamiliarity and therefore disagreement, as communication contains duplication and 'originality' is the foe of duplication.

TECHNIQUE should not rise above the level of workability for the purpose of communication.

PERFECTION cannot be attained at the expense of communication.

Seeking perfection is a wrong target in art. One should primarily seek communication with it and then perfect it as far as reasonable. One attempts communication within the framework of applicable skill. If perfection greater than that which can be attained for communication is sought, one will not communicate.

Example: A camera that shoots perfectly but is not mobile enought to get pictures. One must settle for the highest level of technical perfection obtainable below the ability to obtain the picture.

The order of importance in art is:

(1) The resultant communication,

(2) The technical rendition.

(2) is always subordinate to (1). (2) may be as high as possible but never so high as to injure (1).

The communication is the primary target. The technical quality of it is the secondary consideration. A person pushes (2) as high as possible within the reality of (1)

A being can take a lot of trouble with (2) to achieve (1) but there is a point where attempting (2) prevents (1).

If the ardures of (2) prevent (1), then modify (2), don't modify(1).

Perfection is defined as the quality obtainable which still permits the delivery of the communication

Too much time on (2) of course prevents (1)

It is usually necessary to lower a standard from absolute perfection to achieve communication. The test of the artist is how little it is lowered not how high it is pushed.

A professional in the arts is one who obtains communication with the art form at the minimum sacrifice of technical quality. There is always some sacrifice of quality to communicate at all.

The reduction of mass or time or impedimenta or facilities toward the ability to render a result is the exact measurement of how much technical perfection can be attempted. The rule is if one is being too perfectionistic to actually achieve a communication, reduce the mass time impedimenta of facilities sufficiently low to accomplish the communication but maintain the technique and perfection as high as is reconcilable with the result to be achieved and within one's power to act.

No communication is no art. To not do the communication for lack of technical perfection is the primary error. It is alco an error not to push up the technical aspects of the result as high as possible.

One measures the degree of perfection to be achieved by the degree of communication that will be accomplished.

This is seen even in a workman and tools. The workman who cannot accomplish anything but must have tools is an artistic failure.

'Art for art's sake' is a complete paradox as a remark. "Art for the sake of communicatin" and 'Attempted perfection without communicating' are the plus and minus of it all.

One can of course communicat to oneself, if one wishes to be both cause and effect.

One studies art only if one wishes to communicate and the search for artistic perfectionis the result of past failures to communicate.

Self improvement is based entirely on earlier lack of communicating.

Living itself can be an art.

The search for freedom is either the retreat from past failures to communicate or the effort to attain new communication. To that degree then the search for freedom is a sick of well impulse.

Searching for and discovering one's past failures to communicate an art form or idea about it will therefore inevitably rehabilitate the artist.

However, due to the nature of the Reactive Mind, full rehabilitation is achieved only through*releasing and *clearing.

How much art is enough art? The amount necessary to produce an approximation of the desired effect on its receiver or beholder, within the reality of the possibility of doing so.

A concept of the beholder and some understanding of his or her acceptance level is necessary to the formulation of a successful art form or presentation, This includes an approximation of what is familiar to him and is associated with the desired effect.

All Art depends for its seccess upon the former experience and associations of the beholder. There is no pure general form since it must assume a sweeping generality of former experiences in the beholder.

Artists all, to a greater or lesser degree, need comprehension of the minds and viewpoints of others in order to have their work accepted; since the acceptability of a communication depends upon the mental composition of the receiver. Scientology then is a must for any artist if he would succeed with out heartbreak.

In any art form or activity one must conceive of the beholder (if only himself). To fail to do so is to ivite disappointment an eventual dissatisfaction with one's own creations.

An artist who disagrees thoroughly with the 'taste' of his potential audience cannot of course communicate with that audience easily. His disagreement is actually not based of the audience but on former inabilities to communicate with such audiences or rejections by a vaguely similar audience.

The lack of desire to communicate with an art form may stem from an entirely different inability than the one supposed to exist.

Professionals often get into such disputes on how to present the art form that the entirety becomes a technology, not an art, and, lacking progress and newness of acceptance, dies. This is probably the genus of all secline or vanishment of art forms. The idea of contemporary communication is lost. All old forms become beset by technical musts and must nots and so cease to communicate. The art is the from that communicates not the technology of how, the last contributing to the ease of creating the effect and preservation of the steps used in doing it. A form's reach, blunted by suppressing its art form, becomes involved withthe perfection alone, and ceases to be an art form in its proper definition.

A communication can be blunted by suppressing its art form: Example, bad tape reproduction, scratched film, releasing bits not authorized. This then is the primary suppression.

On the other hand, failing continuously to permit a non-destructive communication on the grounds of its lack of art is also suppressive.

Between these two extremes there is communication and the task is to attain the highest art form possible that can be maintained in the act of communicating.

These, therefore, are the fundamentals of ART.

*Releasing: A person having his reactive mind (sub-conscious mind) keyed out and not influencing him.

*Clear: A person who has no reactive mind and who can be at cause knowingly and at will over mental atter, energy, space and time as regards to himself or herself.

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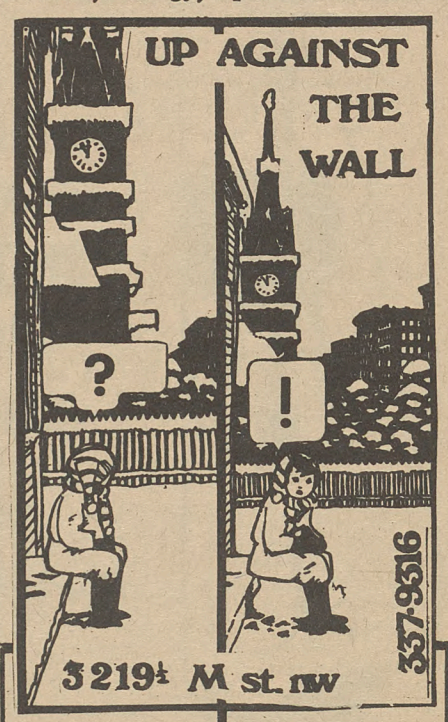


FOR LANDLUBBERS

MARCHING
by Ned Chaillet

This street piece came to me with the thought of a new march to end war. As far as I know now, I won't be doing it on April 24th. If anyone would like to do it then, or at any following marches to end war, do it.

Make any changes you like, the marches and wars I chose were mostly arbitrary, chronological and relating to Washington specifically. Every city has its favorite march, or war.

There should probably be ten or more people involved in this event; a cardboard poster for each written title (all caps in the text) and two stands of some sort to hold the posters.

The event should begin with several persons dressed in military uniforms marching in place in a single line in front of one of the poster stands. There should be a person to turn the cards standing by each stand, and a Marchmaster whose job is to call cadence for the marchers and perhaps announce the titles on the cards. If necessary, I suppose the Marchmaster could also turn the cards. You also may prefer to have the card turners announce the titles, while the Marchmaster continues ceaselessly calling candence. The marchers are presently marching in front of the war cards.

Announce: THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR (turn card)
March master: March! One, two three, etc.
(The marchers march to the candence)
Announce: THE WAR OF 1776 (turn card)
Marchmaster: March! to the rear march, etc.
(The marchers continue to march in place, to all the commands as shouted)
Announce: THE WAR OF 1812 (turn card and continue with each title)
Marchmaster: March! Double time, march, etc.
Announce: THE CIVIL WAR
Marchmaster: March! Quicktime, march, etc.
Announce: THE SPANISH-American WAR
Marchmaster: March! etc.
(Now and up to this point the troops have been marching with percision.)
Announce: WORLD WAR ONE - THE WAR TO END WAR
Marchmaster: March! etc.
(The troops still march, but some have slowed down, even begun to shed their uniforms.)
Announce: WORLD WAR TWO
Marchmaster: March etc.
(The marchers continue to march, but more shed their uniforms and some slow down so that one can hardly tell they're marching.)
Announce: THE KOREAN WAR
Marchmaster: March, etc.
(Some of the marchers have stopped marching, although they maintain parts of their uniforms. They shuffle aimlessly.)
Announce: THE VIETNAM WAR
Marchmaster: March! etc.
(Most of the marchers throw off their uniforms and begin to wander in the area. One marcher keeps his uniform and continues to march.
Announce: MARCH AGAINST THE VIETNAM WAR (The second card turner turns the card and continues to do so as antiwar marches occ
NEW YORK, 1965
Marchmaster: March!
(A civilian marcher, one of the ex-military marchers, falls in front of the anti-war cards and marches to the same cadence as the lone soldier.)

Anounce: MARCH AGAINST THE PENTAGON
OCTOBER, 1967

Marchmaster: March!
(Another marcher falls into place and marches, the lone soldier continues to march by the Vietnam sign.)
Announce: MARCH AGAINST JOHNSON'S WAR
CHICAGO, 1968
Marchmaster: March! etc.
(Everybody joins the march except for the lone soldier who continues to march the same cadence as the civilians, but in front of the Vietnam poster.)

Announce: CAMBODIAN INVASION(the first card turner turns to this card)
Marchmaster: March! etc.
)One of the civilians joins the lone soldier marching, reluctantly donning a uniform.)
Announce: March AGAINST CAMBODIAN INVASION
May, 1970
Marchmaster: March!
(No one changes position, everyone continues to march in cadence.)
Announce: LAOS INVASION- INDO-CHINA WAR
March master: March! etc.
(Another civilian marcher joins the military marchers.)
Announce: MARCH AGAINST INDO-CHINA WAR
APRIL, 1971
Marchmaster: March! etc.
(The civilian marchers begin to straggle, but they continue marching for some time. The military marchers continue to march, but reluctantly. After a few moments, the anti-war card turner turns to a blank card and the civilian marchers break up their march and move off talking and laughing. The Marchmaster continues to call cadence for the military marchers who continue to march in place.

Long after the anti-war marchers have departed, with their card turner and cards, the soldiers march away to cadences called by the Marchmaster.)

An alternative ending might have the civilian marchers turn to a card saying: STOP MARCHING TO END MARCHING- STAY TO STOP THE WAR.) They would then cease their marching, chant STAY STAY STAY AT the audience, liberate the military marchers and silence the Marchmaster.

If desired, the piece can add presidential advisors; presidents, past and present; presidential candidates; FBI chiefs, stc. who may or may not watch, may or may not approve marching, may or may not actually mauch themselves. They should probably be very burlesqued figures if they appear.

NICKEL BAG REVISITED

THERE IS NO ONE HERE

snow coming down like defectors
after
millions more
pamphlets
dropped earlier

dropped earlier. what
ratio matters?-- the

windows are water-wired,
and the women, the wives of these houses:
see red white & blue
while going grey with Freudian

coffees. i don't
see a one, actually.
actually, i don't
see a one.
they don't see me.

we are allat home. but there is no one here.

H C NASH

WHEN YOU'VE DONE (YES) KISSING ME

i've some empty vocabulary for your
own mouth

& then not just
defensively

may i run?
& will you catch? &
to facili-
tate
things
i'll
overboard my thumbs
saying

My Soul went down
(not I!)
My Captain

and finally the syntax of our watches
& taking hands
& running thru steps

HOLLYWOOD'S WORLD
(for Mack Sennett and Del Lord)

so in 1913 or thereabouts
the first pie was thrown for film

and yet today
there is more nervous laughter...

STAND WITH ME

stand with me
the wintered store
the bankrupt store
the wind and the glass

and i put something around
you
and you do not say a word

you
and i there
where nothing survives the windows
and

yes welcome the rain

and the wind and the glass...

ALL AROUND

modern Master Bates
with or w/o
Swiftian
back-
grounds
struggles while

in this wartime
in this
exquisite
war-
time

POW-MIA ladies work incesantly at being seperate from
all dead Southeast Asian ladies and
(again)
all dead Southeast Asian ladies & associated
ALL DEAD SOUTHEAST ASIAN LADIES & ASSOCIATED KIDS

well
the sweet
the polyethylene
the tough always endlessly enduring
plastic

of
all
these bags of
all around
insulating good
insulating
proper-
ties
struggles with
plas-
tic
while
(well! well!)
while!

while...

JESSE LOU McCARTY

and they came to Him
& brought Him Magdalen,
taken in Adultery
in the very act
& they said to Him
tempting Him
Lord, this is Mary Magdalen
& we caught her acting it out
adulting all over the second floor
and we stoned her
& He said Hi, Mary
& she said Very hi, Lord
tempting Him
& He said My mother was named Mary
and He took a toke
& said unto the assembled
Mmmm, nice
& Mary & the Lord & all the other actors
sat down and brossed their shins
& kept on toking
& one of the actors said to the assembled himself
Godd, heavy hash
& Yeah, said the Lord, be
be beyond belief

Oh myself's assembled, they sang

---

good evening, the latest fork
asp from see & pee
cloudy this morning
sunny last night
cool & warm today
high in the low 70's
low in the high 70's
present temperature 12
relatively humid
belatedly human
barometer 29point28point30
falling
chance of rain
nears of Eros
chant for rain
possibility of precipitation
quality of rain
near zero today

I was conceived
without being consulted
& not of the Holy Spirit
and born to the Virgin Mary

I was decieved
I was heavy-insulted
& they called me a name
that they chose me

& I spent all my time
not being consulted
& I spent my last dime
on a telephone booth
I mean in one

and I made up a call
to the Holy Spirit
& the Virgin Mother

it was Labor Day, y'see,
& the folks were lonely

so I called up in the telephone
Hello Mary? I mean Mom?
Dingleberry dropped the Bomb

I guess it's our last
conversation
and Mumma's voice came
through the flu
It's President Dingleberry to you

& don't forget the 20-dollar bill you borrowed
your father hasn't been the same without it
Hello Mumma? hi, it's me
I'll send it around if I'm still tomorrow

I'm sorry you had to be sick on doomsday
is dad there?
Hi, Dad,it's me again
eating prètty regular, dad,

yeah, paying the rent too
thanks anyway, though

hey, Dad?
I was conceived
without being consulted
y'gave me a name that got me insulted
& all for You
and y'lied t'me
about the world

y'said it was nice
if I had Money
but I ain't got-none
& I'm in Heaven!

see y'there!
tomorrow, dad
j'hear about the holocaust?
yeah, right away

they already dropped it, is why I called
& anyway it was Labor Day

your birthday too?
well i-yi-yi
sorry, dad, I-I-I forgot

happy birthday, dad
& say the same to mom

they already dropped it, dad,
yeah, they did,
and it's a great big bomb

THIS BIG!
& it has many children to follow

at least we won't live with the Virgin Mary
thanks to President Dingleberry

nothing, dad,
no, nothing, I was just....
mumbling
is Dingy on the 20
or the tens

this one's the pregnant grandaddy
gonna end all the wars & all the sores
&all the floors & all the prostitution
o.k., then dad, I guess that's it
don't take time to take a

say hi to Rexy
then goodbye

KASHI RAHMAN

I shall put on the new day
like a rare garment,
wearing it proudly;
whether it be interwoven
with sun-gold
or rain-silver
will not matter.

I shall put on the new day
and wear it till night
with a quick step,
a mind aware of it's beauty
and its possibilities,
and a grateful heart.

From the golden cellos of the dawn
came splendid arias of light
so lovely that the grayest stone
became as eloquent and bright
as any shining psalter phrase,
and stirred my heart to prayer and
praise.

Gently wind tossed
from a tropical sleep.
The sound of meadows flourishing
The dance of a waterfall passing
Over domes of opals.
The music of children loving the earth.
Tunefully whispered realities,
Inevitable fantasy !
Being fruitful
Making plenty, creating, preserving.

What melody my spirit stills;
Celestial hope this voice fullfills.
And then my heart in rapture rallies
At visions of eternal valleys,
At cognizance of heavenly hills.

What is a dream? It's often asked
A bubble tinted rare,
A yearning heart all toasty warm
To make the dreamer dare,
To make the dreamer venture on,
To pin his future far,
To mold and shape tomorrow's fate
To reach and touch a star?

"Meditation"

Scatter Love as you scatter seeds-
Your store stays undiminished,
For love makes Love as seeds make seeds
In a harvest never finished;
Nor look to see how your gift fares-
It is enough to plant it;
Just sow Love with a lavish hand
And take harvest for granted.

You say that Beauty never speaks,
but waits in blissful silence for discovery
and the admiration that she rates.
But I have touched her lips in reverie
and felt her words against my fingertips.
My ears were sleeping, and yet Beauty spoke.
Soft, whipsered words at first escaped her lips.
Then came her words of faith.
My ears awoke!
And the glad voice of Beauty-
rhythmic, clear, decsend in a rain of happiness.
While songs of Beauty called from everywhere
in syllables no doubt can now surpress.
Thus to this proof your mind
should now succumb:
We may be deaf, but Beauty
is not dumb.

JOURNEYS

SU PARRIS

so much to tell you-

i saw the sea pounding against giant concrete jacks
leaving behind white lace that lived a short while
reborn with the next wave
i wanted to be dressed in that gray-green sea lace
flowing with the currents
feeling the power of the sea

i ran down the beach low tide
sand sinking under my feet-footprints filling the
salt water as i danced
i wanted to hear music, then, and dance until the moon slept
and have the gulls watch me
envying my grace

i filled my pockets with rocks
to tie with leather and wrap with wire
so i could have a treasure chest filled with rare
and precious gems i had created for you

and i stared into the fog
and the sea/sky as the day melted into grey
then night aching inside- growing, losing
sunset set - gold purples pinks blues flame red
farewell day
farewell year
farewell lover

there i stood
holing jewels in a dirty, salty hand
feet tired from stumbling
dressed in fading lace
face wet with water and tears
trying to not mention your name

(1-19-71 ventura for David)

---

the witch of the North Country
colours your mind with the galaxies
follow her to Andarine
remember you cast the spell that summoned her
to free you from our madness

(6-7-70 aspen)

Caught in the Time Warp- Part Two

night was whirling
the witches spell
and there i fell
into hell
into all my private fears
midnight nightmares of counted years
what a day
what a year
night so cold
i lost my hold
on my fragile sanity

(7-18-70 annapolis)

for a gemini's love

someone whispered 'magic'-
and i heard it
wandering in night on mountain tops
calling to the stars
someone whispered 'freedom'-
and i live it
racing the snow river to the oceans
laughing with the gods

my heart whispered 'love'-
and i saw you

(7-30-70 D.C.)

Home-
shaking with joy no, i don't know these people
but i have walked this broken cracked concrete
how many times ?
i laughed here cried here
i learned of myself, others, and magic here in this circle
packed earth and brown grass
music down home back home blues
no more drinking to forget
trying to remember everything in one glorious flash
of stars and gold chords

and another part of my search is ended
for now, i will wander only in my mind across fields
and over mountains
i know their songs of wildness and freedom
i will rest here and grow.....
home

(7-3-70 dupont circle D.C.)

-Cloud burst

though you may
think
them tears
they're
not.
They're
diamonds.
Gems as
gifts
to you,
my lord.
a cloud burst of
crystaline gratitude.
Thank you.

---

i don't dream
great dreams.
i dream of
a good life.
never sensing
in my simple desires,
the greatness
in equal opportunities
potential,
or
my chance for
noteriety and
fame.
i dream of
you and me...and
of our house
filled noisily with
our children.
i dream of
our love,
keeping me & you
together
thru the years.
Too bad its
just a dream...
and not even a great dream.

Confusion
costs
little in this life.
Bargains
can be made
on love &
on happiness
...
about the only
EXPENSE
is death.

Wine
soft rose
in slim shaped glasses
crystal and beautiful-
reflected candle light-
and then
suddenly
it's coke in
paper cups-
you left.

The waters run &
currents collide
in cascading joy
but remember-
we're in a
reservoir.

For tim:
my somer

for tim:
my somber
salvation in
cognito.
my spirit's
and
twin
lover.
my bestest
daisy friend.
and if wishes
were to come true...
and circumstances
vanish-
my love.

KARYN J. BARRA

WE MUST ALSO BE CAPABLE OF SETTING OURSELVES ABOVE MORALITY: NOT WITH THE UNEASY RIGIDITY OF THE MAN WHO CONSTANTLY FEARS TO LOSE HIS FOOTING AND FALL, BUT WITH THE PRACTISED EASE OF ONE WHO CAN FLOAT, DISPORT HIMSELF ABOVE IT! AND HOW SHOULD WE ACHIEVE THIS WITHOUT ART, WITHOUT THE MADMAN'S AID?... AND AS LONG AS YOU ARE IN ANY WAY ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, YOU CANNOT POSSIBLY BE OF OUR NUMBER.

NIETZCHE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY *BOB STARK*

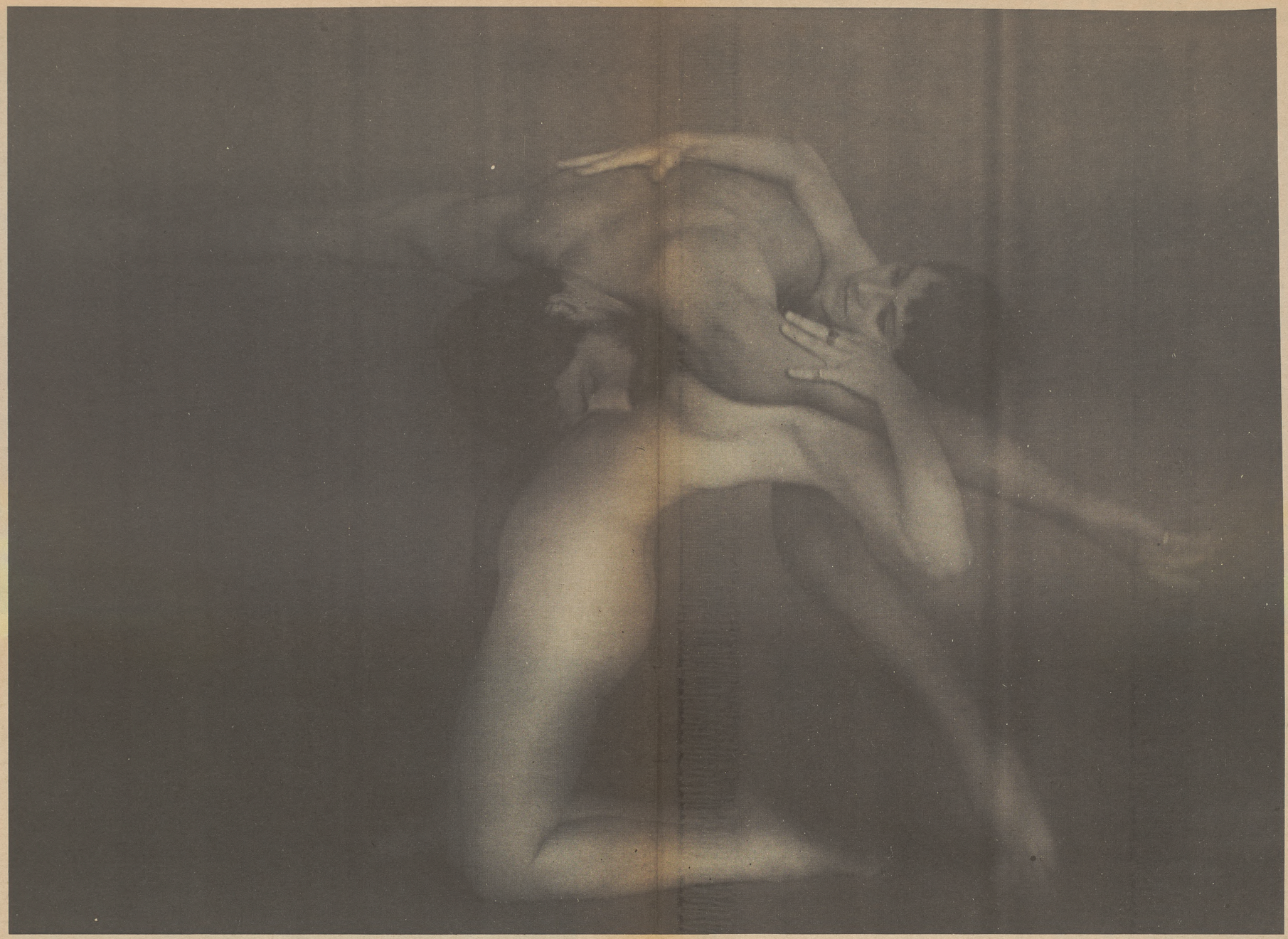


photo by BOB STARK

BEAUTY AIMS AT NEITHER

TRUTH NOR MORALS

DYEING

BLOCK PRINTING ON FABRIC

Designs cut from linoleum blocks can easily be made suitable for printing on fabric using FARQUHAR DYES.

First of all the lino block should be given a solid wood backing; 3-4/inch plywood is eminently suitable. Scraps of wood can easily be obtained from local sources such as carpenter shops, furniture factories, etc. They can be trimmed to size using school or school board equipment. Contact cement or white glue is a good bonding agent for the wood and lino.

Secondly, the printing surface of the block has to be flocked, since lino is not sufficiently absorbent to hold sufficient quantities of dye to print well on the fabric. The flocking process is quite simple. It consists of covering the printing surface of the block with a strong adhesive which is, while still wet, sprinkled with a powdered rayon known as flock. The powder will adhere to the block and provide an absorbent, felt-like surface which will pick up good quantities of dye and discharge it evenly onto the fabric. In order to produce the best possible printing surface the flocking process should be repeated twice. Twenty-four hours after the first flocking the block should be brushed to remove all excess powder. A second coat of adhesive can then be rolled on and the block turned face down on a layer of flock previously set on a sheet of paper. The block should be left in this position for 24 hours before lifting and brushing and cleaning all the lines of surplus flock. A further 24 hours should pass before the block is used for printing.

PRINTING BY LINO BLOCKS

A dye pad is required for printing. This is a piece of 3/4-inch plywood somewhat larger than the blocks to be printed. This is covered with a layer of vinyl which is tacked around the edges of the block. The vinyl is, in turn, covered with a layer of thick felt or blanket to receive the dye. (Raised edges may be put around the block to prevent any slipping of the dye-impregnated blanket.) A different piece of felt should be used for each colour to be printed.

Dyestuff is then brushed onto the surface of the felt until it is well impregnated. The lino block is then placed on the felt, printing surface down, and impressed into it so that a good quantity of the dye is transferred to the flocked surface. When this has been done the block can be placed on the fabric and, while held with one hand, be given a few vertical knocks with a mallet with the other. This savage act will transfer the dyestuff to the fabric. Subsequent brushings of the felt should be made prior to the block being impressed into it before printing.

Most block prints will probably be simple repeats and so problems of difficult registration of each impression will be unlikely to crop up.

Materials required

Lino blocks mounted on 3/4-inch plywood
White glue or contact cement
Flocking powder and adhesive
Mallet
Wood block, vinyl and felt for dye pad
2-inch brush
Rubber roller and glass inking slab (for block adhesive)

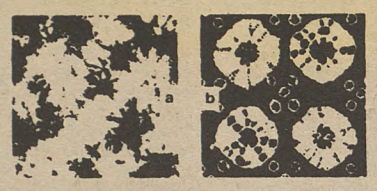
THE FASCINATING CRAFTS OF TIE & DYE

and Batik have flourished for many centuries in different parts of the world.

Tie-and-dye means exactly that. Fabric is tied, folded, bound, knotted, sewn, or otherwise held, so that when the whole piece goes into the dye bath, colour does not penetrate the tied areas and the combination of dyed and undyed shapes forms interesting and colourful patterns. In Batik, areas of the fabric are coated with wax to resist the effect of the dye solution.

Each of these resist-dye methods gives an infinite variety of designs, simple or complex, offering limitless scope to the adventurous.

THE PROCESS OF TIE-DYEING



Wash and iron cloth. Mark out the design in pencil. Tie up the sample, dye, rinse, wash, untie.

Dyeing Method

1 tin of dye = 10 gms., 1/3 oz. or 2 level teaspoons
4 tablespoons salt = approx. 112 gms. of 4 ozs.
1 tablespoon soda = approx. 42 gms. or 1-1/2 ozs.

The amounts stated make 2 pints strong dye liquor. The proportion of dye, salt and soda for smaller or larger amounts should be as above.

Dissolve 1 tin dye in 1 pint warm water. Stir. Dissolve 4 tablespoons common salt and 1 tablespoon common soda in 1 pint hot water. Stir and cool. When the sample is ready and NOT BEFORE, mix the two solutions together. Wet the sample and dye for 1/2 hour to 1 hour. Stir for the first 10 minutes and then at intervals. For even greater penetration of dye or for bulky samples, enter them DRY into the dyebath.

When dyeing is finished, lift out the sample and rinse until the water clears. Cover the sample with boiling water (hot for silk and wool), add detergent and leave for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Rinse well and dry (A). Untie and rinse (B). When the sample has been untied a second hot wash is beneficial.

After the final rinse iron the sample while damp to remove the creases. When a second colour is to be dyed, add binding at point (A) to the areas where the first colour is to be reserved, or completely re-tie the sample at point (B), arranging the parts that need more colour to the outside of the bundle.

Repeat the dyeing process for the second colour. To untie the sample, cut the thread at the fastening-off knot. Unwind the thread, tying the pieces together for further use.

Once the soda is added, the dye is only effective for two to three hours. If the dye must be mixed sometime before it is needed, put the dye solution and the salt and soda solution in two separate bottles, mixing equal quantities of each as required. Tightly corked like this the dye can be used over several days. If only part of a tin of dye is used, keep the remainder in an air-tight container. DYLON COLD WATER DYES are ideal for cotton, linen, viscose, rayon and will also dye silk and wool.

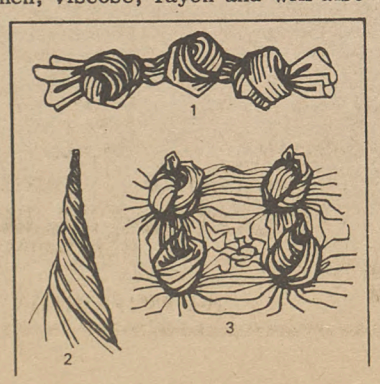
TIE-AND-DYE TECHNIQUES

Knotting

Tie a test knot to see how much cloth it takes — then mark position of knots.

Method 1

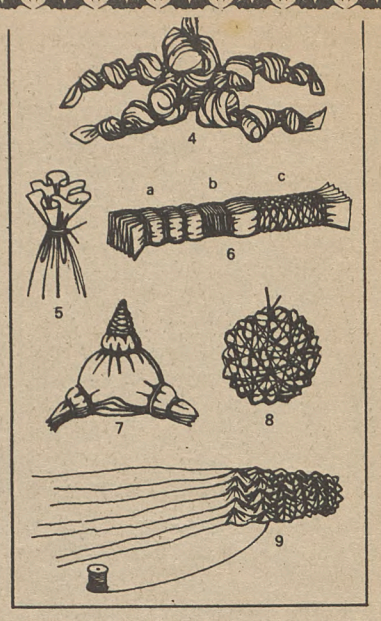
Fold the cloth in half lengthwise, twist it and tie a knot on the first mark. Repeat along the sample leaving a gap between the knots (Fig. 1).



Method 2

Pick up a point of cloth, twist it (Fig. 2), and tie a knot. Repeat where planned on the sample (Fig. 3). If the knot is tied in the middle of a rectangle of cloth, tie other knots at each corner (Fig. 4).

For all methods: — tighten the knots and dye the first colour. Rinse and untie. Re-tie the knots as before, then dye the second colour. Rinse. Wash in hot water. Dry. Untie by twisting the cloth on each side of the knots back into it as if turning a screw. The knot then becomes loose enough to untie. Wash, rinse and dry.



Stripes

For all binding use strong cotton, linen thread, etc., gather up (Fig. 5), or pleat the cloth lengthwise (Fig. 6). Tie on the thread at one end (Fig. 5). At intervals make (a) narrow line bindings, (b) bands of solid binding, (c) criss-cross bindings or a mixture of all three types (Fig. 6). Fasten off. Dye.

Before dyeing further colours add to or alter the bindings. If a slip knot is made over each binding the thread can be taken across without being cut and used for the next binding (this applies to all methods).

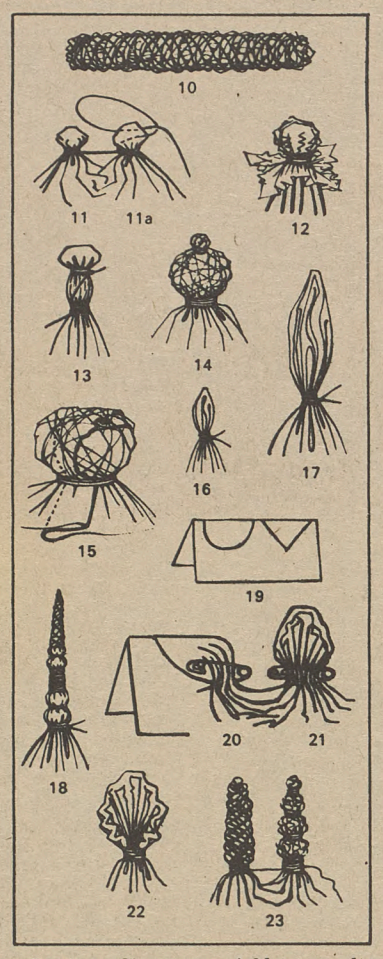
Squares

Fold a square of fine cloth into four, then across to form a triangle. Bind all the corners and dye (Fig. 7). Try folding the square in other ways.

Marbling (a)

Small sample. Bunch up the cloth in the hands. Tie on the thread. Bind in all directions making it into a solid ball (Fig. 8).

Large sample. Place the cloth flat on a table. Working from side to side, pick up points of cloth at intervals and form them into a roll, tucking in the selvedges, (Fig. 9). Put a loose binding on while working.



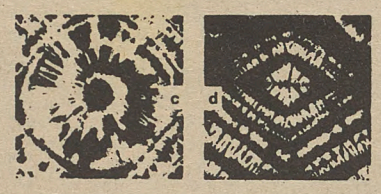
When all the cloth is bunched up, add more binding to make a firm roll (Fig. 10).

For both methods: — Dye first colour. Rinse and untie. Rearrange the cloth and re-tie before dyeing second colour.

Clump Tying (b)

Small objects such as pebbles, corks, buttons, rice, etc., can be tied in the cloth. Mark their positions, with pencil dots. Put an object under the cloth at the first dot and tie the thread round it (Fig. 11). Take the thread along and bind the next one in place. Make a slip knot over it (Fig. 11a). Bind each object in this way working from side to side or from the middle outwards.

Variations: — Cover the tied-in object with a piece of polythene and bind (Fig. 12). Make a double binding (Fig. 13). Bind one stone above the other (Fig. 14). Pleat the cloth covering the object and bind over the top (Fig. 15). Dye.



Circles (c)

Pick up a point of cloth. Tie on the thread, near the point for a small circle (Fig. 16), and further away for a larger one (Fig. 17). Bind up to the point and back again using the type of binding required for the design (Fig. 18)

Fasten off. Dye. Add to or alter bindings before dyeing further colours.

Ovals and Diamonds (d)

Fold the cloth along the centre of the shape. Draw half the oval or diamond against the fold (Fig. 19). Weave a safety pin in and out along the pencil line (Fig. 20). Close the pin (Fig. 21). Tie the thread on below the pin (Fig. 22). Remove the pin. Bind the fan-like shape as required and fasten off (Fig. 23). Repeat for each shape. Dye. Add to or alter bindings before dyeing further colours.

BATIK

Wash and iron the cloth. Stretch it on a frame or place it on a newspaper and pin firmly on a board (remove for dyeing).

Heat 4 parts of paraffin or candle wax and 1 part beeswax until a blue film rises. Keep the bowl over gentle heat while working, or in a saucepan of simmering water.

Waxing the Cloth

a) Wax can be painted over pencil or chalk outlines with a fine brush or a tjanting tool.
b) Wax can be applied to the cloth through a stencil cut in thin cardboard.
c) Wax can be brushed round a cardboard shape pinned to the sample.
d) Imprints from corks, etc., dipped in the hot wax can be assembled to form designs on the cloth.
e) Lines can be hatched into waxed areas with a pointed object.
f) Any area of wax, when cold, can be crackled by squeezing it.
g) Hot wax can be spotted or dribbled on to the cloth to form a texture.

Batiks should be kept flat while dyeing. Prepare dye as for tie-dyeing. Leave to cool. Dye for 1/2 hour to 1 hour. Rinse thoroughly. Before dyeing a second colour apply wax over the area to be reserved, then repeat the dyeing process. An extra colour can be painted over small areas. Make several applications of a concentrated dye drying in between each.

Put sample flat on a newspaper or in the sink and gently scrape off the wax to use again. Rinse. Cover with boiling water, add detergent — leave for 5 minutes Rinse, then iron between newspaper.

A cloth which has a tie-dyed pattern can be used as a background for batik.

MARC BOLAN, teased, stimulated and tempted by the midday wine, looned around in the rain and stood in humorous mood viewing the vast hulk of Big Guy, an incredible creature whose world revolves around a meagre vault in London Zoo.

It seemed a fine idea to tear away from the world of humanoid fleas that exist around London City, and spend the day at the Zoo, where life, although against nature, is somewhat peaceful. "Ride a White Gorilla" bleats Bolan. It only takes a few minutes with this guy to know what his probable 60 years of life will be used for—fun, with capitals on all three letters, and creation from a clean mind.

Crazy notion

Maybe you attach some crazy notion of deepness when the name T. Rex is mentioned. Maybe you'll be plain blase and boring, mention pixie boots, toadstool armchairs and Noddy caps. Dismiss Bolan as a bit of a dreamer if you will. But in truth, you are wrong.

If normality exists, and when you think about it there's no such thing, then Marc Bolan is possibly the closest to a valid, honest human you'll ever wish to meet. He's open, absurdly funny at times. He might resort to imagery, but that's far from being an own-up. He's an entertainer if you like, an image in a pop world of images. But again, he's honest.

T. REX

(who will be at Washington-Lee High School on April 25th. See the Calendar.)

"Music is a way of putting my fantasies into reality without hurting anybody"

... the melody maker interview ...

Does it ever bore you to be termed as the National Elf, or the pixie, or the gnome musician, or whatever?

No, it never bothers me. I only hope people write down what they think. I never think of myself like that, because I never see a picture. I don't even know what I look like, you only see it backwards. I've never seen the group on stage, I've never even seen a film of what we do. I've got a sort of idea of the image we want to project, and that's of a human being expressing the feelings inside him to other human beings.

And I'm very flattered that some human beings can listen with love in some cases. That's cool. But I never imagine all the 450,000 people who bought "Ride a White Swan" thought about it. Basically there were probably about 50,000 people who really cared about it. The single thing though is a whole new phase, a phase which I needed, because I was becoming stale.

How has a hit single really hit you as a person?

I don't think it really ever does. I'm astounded. I don't think you are ever fully aware of it. I think it's important for the fact that people are taking us far more seriously. I don't mean intellectually, but just being noticed by people who just thought us a name that was totally unsellable. And hopefully, because I'm a person and not a pop star. Then me getting into the Top Twenty — as a musician alongside the pop-stars — opens up a great thing. It's fabulous. I mean the charts used to be full of Beatles and Cream, but then there was a great lapse when they didn't put out singles so regularly.

I'd really like Dylan to put out more singles. Because between each album there's such a change in character it almost blows you over. If he puts out singles, you'd be able to see how he changed. You'd be able to see where he was. As it is, suddenly he's got a new voice. I mean, to take myself as a writer. I'm not using the same imagery as I did before, and the change is on record for all to hear.

You say your imagery has changed, for the better or worse?

I'm no judge, none at all. It's certainly sold more records, and people are happy to say wow, he's laughing all the way to the bank. But I can't understand all that bit, all I know is that what I'm doing now is appealing to more people. But that's no reason for me to stick to that. I mean "Ride a White Swan" was a song I did in two hours, it was good, fine. I'm conscious now of deciding whether to put out a follow up, or forget singles completely.

But I do think they are important, and possibly we will put another out. Hopefully it will be a hit, because that's fun. I mean we only have 60 years on this earth, and one should fill them up with as much goodies as possible. It excites me at this period of my life to be on the cover of pop papers, when for years we had not one line mentioned. That's a buzz, but not a serious buzz. I never sit down and say, Oh we've got to have a cover. If people say they want one, then that's a gas.

But do you ever see yourself as a pop star, or being changed into one?

No, there's no one to do it you see. We are all in control of it. We just act naturally. If a pop star is how the people see me, fine, but there's no pressure anywhere. It's fun that's all.

Was there ever a time, maybe a couple of years back when you hated the commercial pop business?

No, never. There were always pop records that I liked, and you could use the Top Twenty as a gauge. People always look to the obvious, to Radio One we are now possible regarded as a brand new group called T.Rex.

Did you ever feel there was a "deep and meaningful" aura surrounding T.Rex, and the underground units as a whole?

No, look, music is music, and it comes from deep inside one — you can't get any deeper than that. That's why most things that children say are so good, because they don't have to think first. I wouldn't say that my songs are intellectually valid, but I'll tell you certain songs that to me were very important, songs that were written with great feeling. "White Swan" wasn't one of them. But that doesn't matter, it's of no importance. "White Swan" has imagery, some of it is maybe image provoking.

That's very amazing, it's great to be able to conjure up a picture in someone's head. A cat riding a swan blows my mind anyway, because people travel about on jets, and you could fly on birds. What greater thing than to fly on than a giant Condor, or a golden eagle. That's what it's about, it's just a vibe, nothing more. I don't want to write about "Do you love me baby, eh, oh yeh." If I can write just a bit more than what we've come to expect as pop music, I'll be happy. That "Push Bike" song could have been about something, whereas it's about nothing at all. But that's a personal thing. I'm aware you've got to have a hummable melody — but "Tambourine Man" was the most hummable melody of all time — and it was powerful.

I'm not paranoid about the pop scene, I mean there's a lot of underground bands that I just don't dig at all. There's a lot of bad sounds in the underground today — there weren't five years ago — or three years ago, when there were say only five bands. And they've all made it. A lot of people have jumped on that fad, like when it's worn out and we go back to calypso bands, they will all do that.

Does your mind ever take your body over?

No, because there's one thread of sanity that always holds me together. That's why I'll never freak. I've been on the verge of it so many times — almost once a week. You know, I'm going to give up, I'm going to pack in music. I very often feel like not being involved with people.

Why do you feel that?

Because it's such a hassle. And sometimes it's such a strong hassle.

Can you see a remedy for that?

No. But maybe growth, maturity, learning to understand other people. It's always egotistical things you freak on. Like why are they doing this to ME, why are they saying this about ME,. Why am I like this? If you can somehow see their problems in you, you might begin to understand them. And you'll perhaps begin to see an answer to those problems. But it does no good worrying about them, because you aren't going to change them. The only answer is suicide — and that's the biggest cop-out of all time. It's the lowest, I mean you'll only die, go up there, and come down again. We are here for it, it's a lesson if you like.

Do you believe we've been sent here by somebody then. Do you believe in God?

I believe in a cosmic force, which is partial to humanity. I won't say it's God, for God is a term people call things.

Why do you think people go to Church then?

Because they are insecure, it's somewhere to go. I can wake up in the morning, look in a mirror and see God — see a human being. We are all capable of great thought, and if we can channel them into one thing, then they are the Godly thoughts. I'm a very religious person, but not in any set religion. I mean, how are you supposed to worship God. He's very unlikely to be a HIM anyway, but if you want to visualise God as being Desperate Dan, then that's a groove.

If he comes down he's not going to look anything like you or me. He's not going to come down and say "Hey baby, let's groove." Yet maybe he'd appear to us like that, because he knows that maybe it's the only way we can think.

Are you ego-conscious?

I don't like it, but I'm very aware that I am. I try not to be, but I'm very aware of what I'm thinking. And that's a cancel-out, it never allows the ego thing to go too far. I choose the music industry, or rather the image industry because it was one way of putting my fantasies into reality without hurting anybody, or forgetting myself. I mean you can't still look at a picture of yourself in the papers and think you are still a groove. You can't believe that you are anything above or better. It's a living, and you are still a piece of paper, or card. Whatever that thing is that people think you are — you are not. And if you think you are you're a hung up person.

I know that I would be quite happy to play if people just gave me food. If people enjoyed the music it would be a buzz. It would possibly give me a greater buzz than say making money. If I made money I'd rather give it away than let it fall into the hands of some cigar smoking dude.

What do you mean by cigar-smoking dudes?

You know, the promoter guys who promote Shane Earwig, who's never going to make it in a million years. I don't hate them, I just want nothing to do with them.

If the pop vehicle wasn't available, how would you use your mind?

I'd write science fiction novels, and write on my experiences, and what I feel. Not prophetic stuff. I've always assumed that people like to listen to what I say, maybe I'm wrong. It's not an ego thing, I just feel I'm giving something to people

Are you as sincere as you could be?

I don't really know what sincerity is. I'm always truthful. I might be — but I don't think you ever know. I'm a human. What I put down on records is always better than what I project, because it's the artistic side. If we could all wear our fantasies on our coat sleeves, we'd all be Fellini freaks. There are no normal people.

All I'm trying to do is wear my fantasies on my head. There is no norm, I'll say it again, there is no reality, there is no security, we are all dying.

Do you believe in re-incarnation?

Yes, I certainly do. I can remember things from my past lives. The "Children of Rarn" is from my past. Things just occur that are inexplicable in normal life.

But what if you were born again as a totally unimaginative person?

It's got to happen. It's part of a person's evolution. I'm sure once that I was a Celtic bard, that would certainly account for my knowledge of poetry, for I wasn't very well educated, and there's no real reason for me being like this.

You talk of your education, what do you think of today's standards?

I'd never send a kid of mine to a school now. I'd rather not have him learn anything. Too much of nothing is being pumped into kids. I don't know what I'd do with him though. It's quite possible that in 30 years all the young people, the groovy people will up and buy a Continent. No politics, no leaders. We don't need them you see. Why do we need them?

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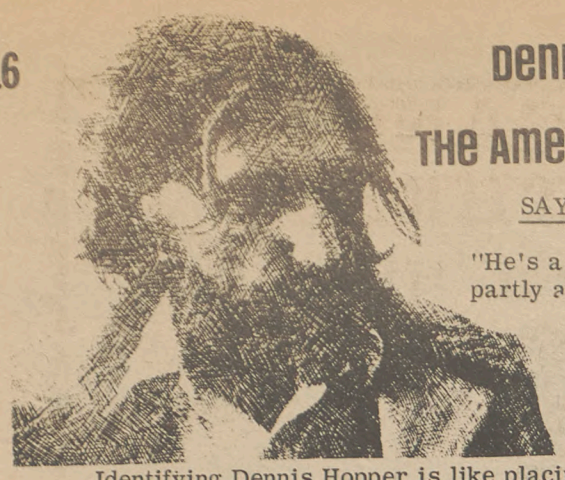


DENNIS HOPPER as THE AMERICAN DREAMER

SAY GOODNIGHT, ROCK

"He's a walking contradiction
partly a truth and partly fiction"

"Hang in Hopper"
by Kris Kristofferson

Identifying Dennis Hopper is like placing James Dean (a friend and mentor of Hopper's) in the 50's. The director/star of Easy Rider, a $350,000 bike odyssey that parlayed itself into a $7 million bonanza is the alleged champion of the stoned generation; another "overnight" sensation who paid his dues in the movie industry for over fifteen years and has appeared in over a dozen films.

Hopper is far out alright. He lives about two hours from Albuquerue (the Chicago of New Mexico) in a massive adobe house that used to belong to D. H. Lawrence's companion Mabel Dodge. Hopper has converted Mabel's place into a Quasi dormitory/movie studio. He divides his time between a fully-equipped editing room where he is working on his next film and a baronial dining room table ringed by a somewhat transient entourage. It is here that he works on being human.

About a week ago, Hopper's commune was augmented by a phalanx of underground reporters. The occasion was a screening and press conference concerning a new feature film about Dennis Hopper and his present life-style -- THE AMERICAN DREAMER. Because Dennis is this country's leading filmmaker, because he is approaching the sanctity and plasticity of myth, and because he has realized the "dream" by subverting it is Easy Rider, the title applies itself to Hopper several times over.

The first moment in myth-busting occurs on meeting Hopper. He appears smaller than the Billy of Easy Rider, less arrogant. In fact, Hopper cuts a very delicate, almost vulnerable figure. He is unaggressive, rather shy. He bears no traces of the star syndrome, nor is he true to the image of the inarticulate, self-involved freak that he created in his last film. On the contrary, Hopper suggests a very pensive character-- a man who has been through a lot, knows there is more to come and is certain it won't be easy. These initial impressions are made even more vivid in the film, THE AMERICAN DREAMER.

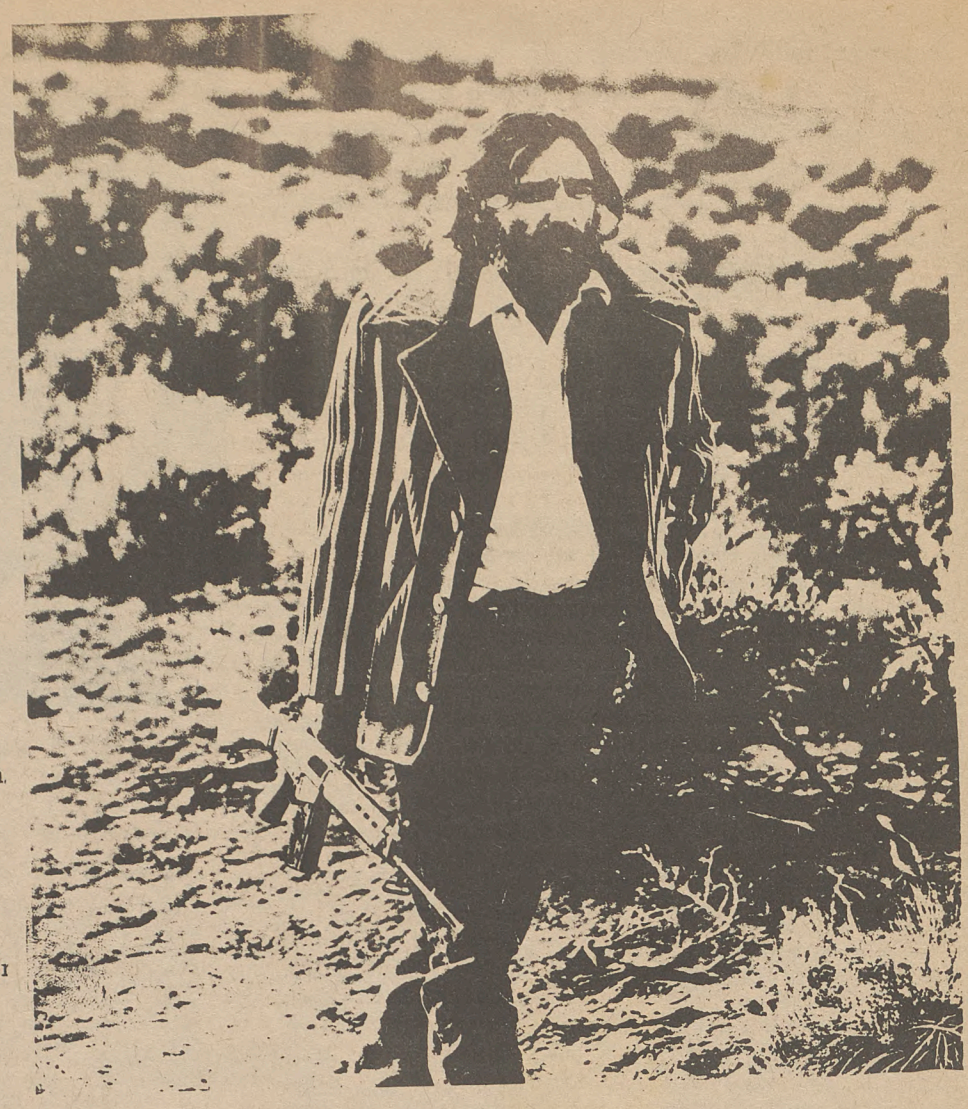
The screening of AMERICAN DREAMER took place in a tiny theatre in Taos which Dennis has purchased in order to screen rushes of his new film, The Last Movie. Some local townspeople have conferred a bullet blast on the theatre's exterior, a "Welcome to Taos" present. About fifteen of Hopper's freiends showed up for the preview, which must have made it an especially tense situation. When the film was over, he walked to the front of the theatre, sat down and invited Larry Schiller and L. M. Kit Carson, the men responsible for the film, to join him in a very informal question and answer session.

There were a number of questions about how Dennis Hopper was to be discribed in relation to the film--did he "appear" in the AMERICAN DREAMER as the American Dreamer, or is he the American Dreamer? Schiller, who directed, wrote and produced the film, used the term "life-style documentary" with some reluctance. When pressed further, he explained that, "the film is somewhere between cinema verite and structured film." His hesitation was not an evasion. It stemmed, I suspect, from the ultimate unclassifiability of the film -- it isn't fiction, it isn't documentary, it isn't cinema vertite, though it evinces some of the qualities of all of these genres. THE AMERICAN DREAMER is both invention and recording-- its material is Hopper's fantasies and his day-to-day realities-- which are often indistinguishable. This complexity is confuted by Hopper's own credentials.

He is an actor. He knows the moves for his audience -- those actually and potentially present. As Schiller says, "In the film, Dennis was emotionally involved in a lot of things. I think there are only a few moments when he was oblivious to the camera. Voice-overs have an entirely different tone. And that is a case where Dennis did'nt have a camera in front of him. The camera is one level of what Dennis is like and the mike is another."

Hopper is a director. He realizes that his presence in a film can imply his identification with the process. Hopper "made" this film as a friendly gesture and, I expect, out of a sense of obligation to the community of experimenting filmmakers, people like himself. He seemed eager to make it clear that he functioned as a personality for the camera, not behind it. "Kit and Larry made this movie. This movie was made about me. I had nothing to do with the editing, I didn't do any of the technical parts of the movie, I was merely there as the person being filmed. There is a stylistic difference between the way I work and the way this film is. I'm glad I gave them the opportunity to make their movie, even though it could have been a very dangerous thing."

A very dangerous thing? Soubtless. Hopper is a hero. By remaining silent and hidden, Hopper could feed his his mystique, his image But he is willing, even eager, to reveal himself, to risk his status as myth. THE AMERICAN DREAMER will cut into a lot of people's ideas about what Dennis Hopper is really like. Co-writer and director Kit Carson claimed that "When Dennis let us film him, he surrounded himself with dynamite and it exploded. It knocked some of the shit away." Schiller has his own feelings about the possible impact of the film. "Some people may walk out of the film because this isnt the Dennis Hopper they were expecting; others will love it because he reveals himself as a human being. Everybody gets something different from this film." Hopper himself is very strong on the subject of image, myth and fantasy heros: "People know nothing about me except from Easy Rider. They expect some kind of super funky hero figure. I'm not sure it's possible to break out of an image. People are always going to have their myths--and that's all there is. I'm not any different now than I was all those years. But society loves to push the bubble up and they love to pop the bubble. I feel a lot of praise and a lot of praise and a lot of over-reaction. People are going to have their images and they're going to destroy their images. I was told this film would destroy me, but I'm really tired of the Rock Hudson-Shirley Temple thing. Most people at this point in their careers would probably say "I must protect myself, but I want to be vulnerable." THE AMERICAN DREAMER is a relentless exposure of Dennis Hopper, and it adds as much to the myth as it takes away.



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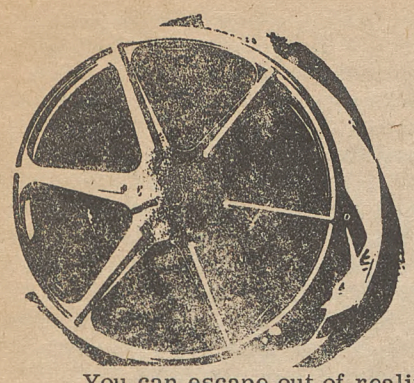

FILM NEWS

TOM SHALES

You can escape out of reality or into it at the movies in the days ahead. The Circle Theatre is bringing a Ruby Keeler film festival sown from New York; the Inner Circle has scheduled an impressive series of documentaries, including those done by Frederick Wisemann; and the American Film Institute Theatre is already into one of its most ambitious series to date, "Hard Sell, Soft Sell--Films That Persuade."

It isn't so easy to determine which is the escape into and which is the escape out of. The Ruby Keeler pictures (mostly with Busby Berkeley musical numbers) are flossy, frilly, silly rituals but they reveal, inadvertently, unique truths about the Depression era from which they came and the role Hollywood assumed to chase dose mean ol' blues away. ("old Man Depression, you are through, you done us wrong," they all chirped in one number.) It was wishful thinking at best and everybody must have known it. The refusal to admit it is charming in its way. Unfortunately, the calibre of things we refusr to admiit has changed frightfully over the years, so that there can never again be the fantasy equivalent of those spaced-out-on-sunshine, ah-doo hey-hey musicals. Almost every attempt to come up with a fantasy formula for the seventies has failed--until "Love Story" that is, far more specious in its doodle-headed deceptions than even the most foolish of those musicals ever could have been. But in those days, the comfort of the moviehouse lay in provoked smiles rather than artificially induced tears. People went to the movies so they could stop feeling sorry for themselves--not turn self-pity into a religious rite).

One mildly unhappy thing about a showing of these old films is that it inevitably brings out the catcallers. These people are so knowing, and so safe in the assumption that our age is an enlightened one while former eras were naive and ignorant, that they propell themselves into fits of derisive laughter even as the films are beginning, and continue it far into the cocktail night. I have noticed a backlash developing to this movement-- but it consists mainly of old people who don't like to be told that what enchanted them in their time is hideously ludicrous now. And they're right. It isn't True enough that Ruby's painstaking klutziness is amusing, but to get lost in an orgasm of ridicule over it is to miss much of the charm of these films and the subtle revelations they can make about the desperate, wishful yearnings of a very weary nation.

The Keeler-Berkeley Revival includes "Go into Your Dance," which Ruby made with her husband Al Jolson; "Dames" which includes the delightfully endless "I Only Have Eyes for You" number and a trio of dauntless comic relievers: Guy Kibbee, Zasu Pitts and hoo-hoo Hugh Herbert (not to be confused with ho-ho Hubert Humphrey, a slightly more contemporary comic--although there is a resemblance); and "Gold Digger of 1933" in which Joan Blondell is at her snappiest. No, come to thing of it, she's at her snappiest in "Footlight Parade," in which she introduces a connibing Broadway baby as "Miss B--I mean, Miss Rich," and struggles her damndest to get James Cagney to notice her. In this film, all the Busby Berkeley numbers are crammed into the end, and these include the illustrious "by a Waterfall" ("I'm calling you--oo-oo 00-oooo...") and the rousing. provocative "Shangahai L'il," replete with heroic portraits of FDR and the National Relief Act, We-Do-Our-Part Eagle.

But the best film in the revival, and probably the best of its type, is the original: "42nd Street," with its ingratiating Dubin-Warren score (that includes the suddently timely "You're Getting to be a Habit with Me. and Ruby doing her tapsies atop a taxi. Warner Baxter is splendid as the incredibly hard-working director, who hears his blood-sweat-andtears derided in the film's fade-out, and Ruby is everything she ever could be as the girl who gets to go on when the old star slips a disc (or something) Seeing the source of so many cliches is like being in on the original etching of the ten commandments.

This series begins April 23 and continues through May3 at the Circle, where the phone number is 337-4470. Next door, meanwhile, the Inner Circle will have polarized, presenting films almost diametrically oppisite the Berkeley pictures Tough-Stuff documentaries like those of Frederick Wisemann--including "Hospital" (from which the "shits were extracted when it played on courageous "public" TV) "Law and Order," and High School."

AFI's propaganda series began last Friday with "Ice" and continues this week with a selection of USIA films (Wed. night), a collection of TV political commercials, hopefully including the girl with the daisy and the nuclear bomb from LBJ's '64 campaign (Thurs.) and the lengthy and lengthily discussed new film on revolution from Argentina, "Hour of the Furnaces" (Part on Fri., parts two and three next Wed., April 28--an odd way to schedule the film).

The series also includes Stanley Kubrick's uncommonly moving "Paths of Glory", a genuinely committed pacifist film, one without the usual Hollywood shellac of shitcko sincerity, with a perhaps obvious but nevertheless convincing final scene and a riveting portrait of military incompetence and bestiality in high places (the parallels will pop right into your face). This will be shown Sat., April 24.

Also to be shown: Roger Corman's sole messagemovie, "the Intruder," on Mon., April 26 (contrary to ACLU brochures, Corman did not make the movie "Z" ACLU mis-interpreted AFI theatre program manager Michael Webb's unduly abrupt assessment of Corman's career as having been largely occupied with grade-Z pictures). Eisenstein's powerful "Strike" will be shown on May Day; de Antonio's new "Milhous" a White Comedy" has been postponed til June 3 and replaced with the same director's "America Is Hard to See," about the McCarthy campaign (Gene, that is) on Mon., May 3. And the series is tentatively set to conclude with Hollywood's undeniably embarrassing ass-kiss to McCarthyism (Joe, that is) "My Son John," in which old noble nellie, first lady-of-the-American-stage Helen Hayes herself has her movie son Robert Walker swear on a Bible that he has never ever been a Communist. You'll find a paper bag on the back of your seat, just in case. (Thurs., May 6)

AFI's number is 554-1000. They seem to have started a cab-calling service, by the way, for people who find it difficult to get to L'Enfant Plaza and don't relish the idea of waiting hours into the night for a clattery Chalkwagon to get them home again.

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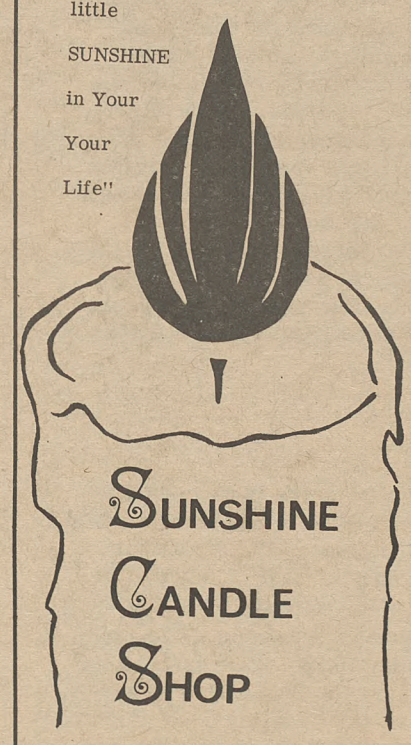

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--CAUGHT IN THE ACT ----

richard harrington

Before I start writing about all the good music I've caught in the last few weeks, I'd like to make a very general statement... intended mostly as a thank you and to let people know something very essential to how I see my role as a music critic. To begin with, I am often overwhelmed by the sheer number of people who are playing music, and playing it well. I think it's very easy for someone who must listen to a lot of music to become jaundiced to different styles, to end up being closed about what new people are doing or are trying to do. To that extent, I always try and see and accept the very important idea of "effort and intent" rather than just actual performance. I get just as annoyed as anyone else when someone that I expect something good from displays lack of interest and plays bad music. At the same time, I see so many individuals who are struggling to find listeners, who have the strength and conviction to play their own music, who sometimes have a greater strength and survive by playing other peoples' music in order to be able to someday play their own. Right here in Washington, besides the many new bands that have sprung up, there are individual performers grinding out a living as cocktail entertaimmen t in bars where no one listens, but want live entertainment. I hopeto bring more of these people to people's attention. I am often also overwhelmed by the goodness of the people I have met while trying to write on music. They are uniformely fine people, and I have benefited greatly from being able to associate with them. Finally, I have tried to apply the same concept to music that I have managed to find in my attitude towards poetry (as far as the paper is concerned). That is, there is really no such thing as bad music, only good or bad attitudes towards it, on the part of both the listener or the player. I guess I'm just thankful for being able to be involved in such a creative and vibrant medium.

I'll start off with something you can still become a part of. This week at the Cellar Door in Georgetown, one can spend some very mellow hours with John Hartford and Paul Siebel. Once upon a time, I had a very derisive attitude towards Hartford, perhaps from other people's judgements or some sort of association with Glenn Campbell, or something . Anyways, I'm very happy to report that I was very wrong about Hartford, and I hope I am just as wrong with some of my other opinions. Hartford says that he discovered at some time that he had to go back to his roots... and those roots were country music. He did more than just go back. He surrounded himself with important pieces of country music, good, essential people who play this music of the earth and play it as if it were merely an extension of their breathing. Which I think it is. This time around, Hartford has brought us Norman Blake, a fine guitarist best known for his work with Kris Kristoferson and Joan Baez (and much studio work). And there is Vassar Clemens, who spent at least fifteen years bringing pure fiddle to the music of Bill Monroe, and now delights his audiences with the casual off-handedness of musical genius. And, so often sitting in a corner (it seems like he has converted the left hand of the Cellar Door stage into a temporary backporch) is Tut Taylor, who is probably the last man to play dobro with a flat pick and whose love is old acoustic instruments. And of course, there is John Hartford, whose gentle guitar and banjo and human voice (it actually isn't perfect, just real human) holds court over the proceedings. Hartford usually opens the show alone, singing softly, almost oblivious of audience. Then up comes Norman, and they create duets that fall off each other, "Sweet Sir Gallahad"-ing it until Vassar and Tut get up there. From there on in, it's mostly country, mellow, fascinating, gentle on our minds. An interesting sidelight is the visual aspect of the hairy Hartford, the less hairy Blake, the the neat Clemens, and the relatively hairless Taylor. But it makes no difference, becuase the music is why we're there and the music is just fine.

Filling out the bill is Paul Siebel. Siebel has made two utterly superb albums for Elektra, WOODSMOKE AND ORANGE and the recent JACK-KNIFE GYPSY. I am happy to report that he is as good live, as he is on his albums. A lot of people have pointed out that he has an almost nasal, but distinctive voice (like a certain Mr. Dylan) and that some of his songs have the same qualities as that man, aforementioned. Well, you've sort of got to get away from odious comparisons long enough to recognize talent, and that is the least of what Siebel has. His arrangements are very simple (he is backed by guitarist Jack McGann and bassist Jerry White) and the emphasis thus falls on lyrical mood and strength of lyrics . That is one of Siebel's strong points. One of my favorite sets of lyrics is from a love song titled "If I Could Stay"; they go like this:"If I brought you a dove/From a cinnamon tree/ Would you cage her with comfort/ Like you've put around me/ Or would you leave her to fly/ To seek out the sky/and the fire?". But most of the songs are more bitter, and more tersely worded, like the cryptic "Jack-Knife Gypsy", about being ripped-off, and that's just not the physical sense. Anyways, Siebel's something of a minor poetic genius (in my opinion) and you should make a point of seeing the organic show that is created by him and John Hartford and Friends.

The show ends Saturday night.

I was fortunate to catch BALLIN' JACK three times in two days, in front of three different audiences (one being almost non-existent). I hadn't thought too much of the album, but, as is so often the case, it was just a case of vinyl being a poor captor of style and spirit. That is one of the best things about Ballin' Jack. They play the same moods as Sly, or at times Santana... but, to my mind , better, and more honestly. The group revolves around bassist and lead vocalist Luther Rabb. Rabb has the fine quality of being able to relate to an audience, even a dead one. The audience at Painter's Mill had come to see Elton John as the headliner, and they were obviously not expecting the rousing welcome provided by this Seattle quintet. "Hold On" is one of the more rousing songs, and that's what the crowd had to do. Second acts rarely get standing ovations, but Ballin'Jack deserved the one they got that night. Earlier in the day, they had played in front of ten thousand people in Washington, and similarly brought that crowd dancing to its feet. It should be noted that Rabb is well assisted by a brass section consisting of Jim Coile and Jim Walters, guitarist Glenn Thomas and percussionist Ronnie Hammon. The group has been together for several years and it shows in their infectious empathy (not a new disease, folks, just a description of a rare phenomena). Elton John rounded out the show, but with any other group , he would have stolen it. That says something for Ballin'Jack. I hope they make it big, and that they come back soon.

The night previous I was listening to the fine San Fransisco band, JOY OF COOKING, cooking for 8,000 people at a night-time concert at the Sylvan Theatre. It's incredible to me that these people are all in their thirties- they play some of the most refreshing and young-sounding rock around. That's not a put down of people in their thirties, or even older. It's just rare to see a complete rock band that fits into that age catagory that isn't doing sedate, dare I say, safe material. Up front is Terry Garthwaite, handling an axe deftly and belting out some nasty blues, or sharing the vocals with Toni Browne, who sits behind the keyboard. They did material mostly from their Capitol album (a fine album) and got the audience in a nice frame of mind. That frame extended to the next act, ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL. No Asleep At The Wheel surprises some people by looking like a superb bunch of freaks, and then suddenly launching into some of the purest, together country music people have run into recently.

Gangling in front of the band is Ray Benson, a massive collection of red hair, resonant voice, and character. Ray serves as spokesman for the group (Reuben on electric pedal steel, Checkerboard on piano, Leroy on drums and Chris adding to feminine charm to the group, as well as a fine voice.)They played for several hours and the audience loved them, clapping, dancing, cheering, putting themselves at ease with a music they were not used to... Jimmie Rodgers, Porter Waggoner, and others (the band also does some original songs that are really fine).

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL

The next week, Asleep At The Wheel was at Emergency, coinciding with the appearance of the Flying Burritto Brothers at the Cellar Door. Something was wrong with that show, a combination of dead audiences and some apparent internal tensions within the group. Everyone knows that Chris Hillman and Mike Clark were part of the original Byrds, that they and the other members of the band are all superb musicians. But something was lacking. What was very positive about the show was the presence of Al Perkins, who replaced Sneeky Pete on no notice, but seemd to be such a fine cat that he actually made the strongest impression of all the members of the band. He plays one of the finest steel guitars I have heard, as well as some fine guitar. But on songs like "Steel Guitar Boogie" and on the fillings of all the other songs, he made a very deep impression. I hope that he stays with the group (he is also in a group called Shilo, whose album I have not yet listened to, but will now), so there is a conflict, but he is a very solid performer and brought some class to a troubled group.

Filling out that bill were our own Fat City, Bill Danoff and Taffy Nivert, now back to their acoustic, singular selves (they dabbled with working with a band, a nice idea, but it didn't work). They play their own songs, and as many people in Washington know, they are probably D. C. s best song writing pair, having scored several musicals with fine songs, and bringing a gentle grace to the stages they adorn. You've probably heard some of their songs on the radio without ever knowing it. It's nice to see them working in such good form again.

Coming Performances

April 19-24 John Hartford
Paul Seibel
26-May 1 Linda Ronstadt
David Brenner
MAY 3-8 Mimi Farina (sister of Joan Baez)
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COUNTERNOTES

A long awaited event in Washington has been the release of GRIN's first album (Spindizzy Z30321). Some of Grin's greatness is on the album, but not enough. The album is almost a year late, and it has suffered the same fate of many first records---it has been too cautiously produced. Two songs in particular suffer... "Direction" and "We All Sung Together". It is really sad in the case of the latter song, because that is one of Grin's best, and should somehow have been recorded live. This album as a whole is much more subdued than the group's live electric self... sort of like getting watered down whiskey. On the good side, some of Grin's best songs are on the album---"Like Rain", "If I Were A Song", "See What Love Can Do" and "18 Faced Lover". Nils Lofgren, described by Rolling Stone as "legendary but invisible" wrote all the songs. He does one acoustically, "Take You To the Movies Tonight" and plays his particularly fine brand of guitar throughout (though the only break he takes is ashort one on "I8 Faced Lover Drummer Bob Berberich and bassist Bob Gordon share vocals with Nils (how nice to really hear their voices). Still, it could have been a better album and next time they should record Grin live, getting on with real people; that's what makes Grin so good, and the band should be able to be heard that way.

Lenny Bruce is one of America's greatest shames, a comedic genius whose humor predates people like Dick Gregory, and who was harrassed to death by the police and the establishment in general. We have his books, a few filmed performances, and some tapes. United Artists has re-released the famous Midnight Concert of February 4, 1961 (UAS 6794). I turned 14 the night he did that concert, and at that point I had not yet heard of Bruce. He came into my life later as a symbol of freedom of speech and thought, or at least the search for that freedom. His humor was hard and bitter and hit where it hurt, and sometimes he was not even funny, but he sparked people in a way no comic had done before... he madepeople think. This album contains some of his most famous bits and pieces, and it is historically important if you let it be. You should at least listen.

Mr. Goodvibes (I really hate that name for him) is caught in a new live album titled CHEAPO-CHEAPO PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS REAL LIVE JOHN SEBASTIAN (Reprise S-2036). They are somewhat right in that the recording is pretty cheap---adequate, but cheap. But if you like Sebastian, as many people do, the album will be good for you. It contains 17 songs, most of the regular ones he always does in concert and many that are still associated with his Lovin' Spoonful days. Few performers create such an instant empathy as does Sebastian... this record sort of captures that empathy.

MANDRILL (Polydor 24-4050) is a basically good band that just overreaches itself. The best material lies on the first side with the title song, a cut called'Warning Blues ' and a moving piece called "Symphonic Revolution". Mandrill sounds a bit like Santana, only more filled out and trying to do more than just play infectious rhythms. There are seven pieces in the band, with the standard set-up plus sax, flute, and piano... and of course, extra percussion. The overreaching occurs on the songs on the second side, a five-piece Movement that can stand on its individual parts but lacks cohesiveness. One of the extra pleasures is that Mandrill is great to listen to whether they play loud and fast or gently and easy. They're supposed to be here to play for Mayday and several other gigs so keep your eyes open for listenings.

I've always had ambivelant feelings towards Procol Harum. At times, they were great, other times far from great. One thing though, they've always had a very distinctive sound that no one else has very successfully imitated. The best songs on their latest album BROKEN BARRICADES (A&M SP 4294) continue that distinctive sound---the title song, "Luskus Delph" and "Power Failure". There are two composing phases to the band, each revolving around lyricist Keith Reid. One is pianist-vocalist Gary Brooker, whose music tends to be driving, intense and classicaly shaded; the other is guitarist Robin Trower whose music tends to be more introspective and closer to conventional rock idioms. The only cut I do not like is their hit single, "Simple Sister" which sounds too much like Black Sabbath or some such atrocity.

An album that might have some problem getting airplay because of the recent FCC drug ruling is Elektra's A CHILD'S GARDEN OF GRASS-A PRE-LEGALIZATION COMEDY (EKS 75012). It is a very funny album derived from a very funny book by Jack Margolis and Richard Clorfene. The cover alone would be enough to get you high (if wishing were having). The album itself flows between straight (no pun) narration and skits or scenes (a la Firesign). Some of the bits fall flat, but several (or maybe most) are very close to the wonderful truth. I guess maybe you're also supposed to be stoned as you listen to it. One strange bit called "Meditation" opens the second side, and seems to be misplaced from another comedy album. Still funny though.

I think I'd like to hear Southern Fried do a little more of their own material. Their first album on Mercury , A LITTLE TASTE OF (SR 61338) relies too much on both side musicians and interpretive songs. The problem is that one only gets an impression of their sound, and the tightness that exists is a little too much the result of studio professionalism. And the few original works the group does are pretty good, so there are probably more. "Good Time Music" is perhaps the best cut on the album, but the album as a whole reminds me of what Dr. John might be into if he wasn't into what he is. If you can understand that, you will know a little more clearly that this is a good album, achieving what it intends to.

I've spent several happy hours with Carole King's second album TAPESTRY (Ode 77009). It is a wistful, sad and beautiful work... and the first album to capture the essence of Carole King the performer. although she now works a lot with James Taylor, his presence and influence are subtle. Carole King is a legendary name in the music publishing business, but a few listenings to songs like "You've Got A Friend", or her own personal versions of songs she's written for other people ("Will You Still Love Me Tomorrow" and "Natural Woman") and you'll know that she's arrived as a performer. Her voice is suited to the sentimentality inherent in her songs, and the album is very tastefully arranged. A good album to fall asleep with.

Last year, four guys calling themselves LITTLE JOHN put out an album called UP AND DOWN. It was a gem and no one bought it. So now, they number eight, including two new horn players, a new keyboard man, and a lead singer. What emerges is a very powerful brass section (who play a music that belies their apparent youthfulness in excellence). Apparently the band came together to test a new studio, dug what they were doing, and put it on vinyl (Epic E 30414). Also, it is a good album, but it will never replace that first one. But, anyways... best cuts are the thematically connected Gremlin's Lullaby (Voices of Angels, Pretty Blue Dress) and a fine ballad titled "WE".

I really feel that ALICE COOPER is one of the finest bands now playing, but their previous albums accented their freakiness and not their musical capabilities. Now, their third album LOVE IT TO DEATH (Warner Brothers WS 1883) captures one side of their show(the rest will come when they develop video-cassetes and capture the theatricality of the group). In the meantime, some fine musicians surround Alice on songs like the rockish "I'm Eighteen' and "Long Way To Go", the mystic "Black Juju", the caustic "Is It My Body and other songs. Among the better parts of the whole are dual guitarists Glenn Buxton and Michael Bruce and the drumming of the gargantuan Neal Smith; I think Alice Cooper is well on its way past their freak days. From here on in, it's just good music and good theatre.

John Lee Hooker's ENDLESS BOOGIE (ABC- ABCD 720) is a fine two-album set which captures the legendary Hooker in a creative frame. Hooker is working well with some fine white musicians (Steve Miller, Carl Radle and Boz Scaggs, some others too), but it is thouroughly his album. It is not as boogie-ish as its title would indicate, but it is distinctively Hooker's up-forward, strong style of blues. Best cuts are "Pots On, Gas On High", and "Doin' the Shout". I found the preachy "Kick Hit 4 Hit Kix U (Blues for Jimi and Janis)" a little ill-fitting, but the rest of the album is as good a portrait of one the most alive bluesmenplaying today as you are likely to find.

Bonnie and Delaney's MOTEL SHOT (Atco SP-33-358) is a nifty little album. With the usual assortment of drop-ins (Clapton, Russell, Whitlock , Mason, etc.), it could only be impossible for them to make a bad album. What is surprising is that the album is as low-key as it is. The feeling is old-timey, gospelly. From such standards as "Will The Circle Be Unbroken" and "Rock of Ages" to new material such as "SingMy Way Home", Delaney, Bonnie and their friends create an aesthetic whole wherein the sum is the natural and wonderful result of the parts. I had never really liked them previous to this album. Maybe now I should go and re-listen to their other albums . This one is just fine.

Elektra's release of THE COMPLEAT TOM PAXTON (7E -2003) represents the most diverse collection of Paxton's material on one album. Paxton is first a writer, and (by a noticeable step) secondly a performer . The case for the integrity of performing one's own material is obviously valid, though. A lot of the songs were new to me, with , of course, several standards included, "Ramblin' Boy", "The Last Thing On My Mind", "The Marvelous Toy", and "Can't Help But WOnder Where I'm Bound". Paxton is one of our hardest working balladeers, continuing in the tradition of Woody Guthrie and Pete Seeger. They didn't have great voices, either, but they sure were important. So is Paxton.

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS (Warner Brothers 1919) is a totally pleasant surprise. The band plays some of the finest, most mellow music I've heard recently-- mellow and at the same time exciting. Tom Johnston handles electric guitar and piano, Pat Simmons plays acoustic guitar, Dave Shagren is onbass, and John Hartmann handles the drums. All except Hartmann share vocals (very well, too.) The kind of music they play is good-timey, hand-clapping melodies (harmonies play an effective part in most of the songs). The arrangements are very smooth, in no way overloaded. It's obvious that empathy exists within this unit. One of the best cuts is "Feelin' Down Farther", which should also make it as a single. A group to reckon with... all they need is some exposure.

Keith Emerson is now with his buddies Lake and Palmer, but for a while Mercury will keep releasing some of his old work with the Nice. The latest, ELEGY (SR-61324) shows both the strengths and weaknesses of that group. Musically (or more properly, instrumentally) they were dynamic, but they never had the strong vocalist they needed. Outstanding as always on keyboard is Emerson, fronting Lee Jackson on bass and Brian Dawson on drums. Two cuts stand out (all four cuts are pretty long)- Dylan's "My Back Pages" and "America" from "West Side Story". The other songs are Tim Hardin's "Hang On To A Dream" and Tchaikovsjy's "3d Movement, Pathetique Symphony." A strange combination, but a far out album.

Genesis/Trespass (Impulse AS-9205)

To be compared with a group having the unit strength that Family has is nothing to be ashamed of. So to say that Genesis' approach to composing and arranging is somewhat similar to the way Family works is a pat on the back in disguise. Dare I add that overall Genesis' performance here appears to have a smoother polish to it than Family's albums have had.

Genesis, like Family, reflects influences from Jazz and Classical sources. Scenes are set for unusually fine lyrics; as emotion changes likewise the music is paced to convey the mood.

The album, Trespass (Impulse AS-9205), rests as a tribute to what can be accomplished when a group's music has matured before being recorded. The fullness of sound is tightly fitting and beautiful, not so much because of the variety of sounds, but because the sounds are designed to compliment each other, thus the potential and meaning of each track is fulfilled without anything seeming extraneous.

Plainly said, this is one fine album. Michael P. Hogan.

Spencer Davis and Peter Jameson/ It's been So Long (Mediarts 41-11)

Spencer Davis has taken to the acoustic guitar and teamed with Peter Jameson, also on guitar, to produce what can only be called a disappointing album entitled "It's Been So Long", (*Mediarts 41-11*). Davis was able to give us a small peek *at better things* a few rare times, most *notably during his own "Balkan* Blues. "

A long time coming, yes, but perhaps a while longer would have meant an album which truly represented Davis' potential. Oh well.

GALLERY · David Tannous

All last week, Sol LeWitt supervised the activities of five young art students as they covered the walls at the Protetch-Rivkin Gallery with straight black lines. The result, shown to the public for the first time at a noon to 6:00 p. m. opening last Saturday, is a set of five large wall drawings plus a sixth smaller drawing done by the artist himself. The triumph of the show, and a practical demonstration of LeWitt's theories about his art, is that no one can tell which artist did what work; moreover, each of the walls that the students completed is as much a "genuine LeWitt" as the wall that LeWitt worked on alone.

The basis of the exhibit is a list of instructions, one for each wall, which are simultaneously the titles of the drawings and the directions for carrying them out. Wall 1, for example, is "Straight lines, one foot long, at right angles to one another, not touching, distributed evenly over the wall, making no design or figure," and Wall 5, which produced something expected by neither LeWitt nor the student who worked on it, is "Draw a straight line one foot long. From two points on this line (not ends) draw straight lines one foot long, continue until wall is covered evenly. The lines should not cross."

This show is something of a departure for LeWitt. For some time he has been working with primary colors in lines that overlap and intersect. The piece for his Protetch-Rivkin show of last year used hard-lead pencils in four colors, blue, red, yellow, and black, to cover a wall with an arrangement of straight lines. More recently, his work at the Guggenheim International Exhibit used color, as do many of his pen and ink drawings. But his present work is, necessarily, black and white, because the gallery's white plaster walls are the drawing surface and the drawing instrument is a one-inch flat-head nail. "I like using the nail," LeWitt says. "It gives a strong, fine line, very thin. It doesn't rub, like a pencil line; it isn't messy and it makes an even mark. And I like the effect of the nail mark on the plaster wall. It's good to do the drawing directly on the wall because it's so simple."

The current exhibit is the latest of the experiments that LeWitt has been conducting into his kind of conceptual art. Although he uses this term, one that other artists have employed to describe their activities, he states that he is "not a member of a movement and not a member of a group." His art is developed in three stages: first, the concept; then the work, as the attempt is made to express the concept; finally, the result. The governing principle of LeWitt's art is that the form and projected development (the "concept") of each piece must be decided completely before work is begun, and any alterations that occur after must come not from the conscious decision of the artist, but from accidents or unforeseen problems that arise as the work is carried on. The personal spontaneity that other artists use throughout the realization of their work is permitted in LeWitt's art only in the development of the concept. Once the concept of a particular piece is determined and expressed in the words of the instruction, it cannot be changed. The artist must keep to it, even if, as LeWitt says, "I find I don't like it anymore."

Such a rigorous set of rules makes LeWitt's art sound dull and circumscribed, and a question can be raised about the necessity of doing the work at all, once the concept has been given. But the work is never mechanical in effect; within the framework of the instruction there is much room for unexpected results. One important point is that the concept is the only part of the work that must be formed by LeWitt. Once it is settled upon, any other artist can carry on with the piece, and, so long as the instructions are followed, the artist may develop the work in his own way. In LeWitt's pen and ink drawings, also on view at the gallery, the superficial effect of a perfection of straight lines, crossing each other at different angles, proves to be composed of minute imperfections when the pieces are examined closely. Every now and then the pen must have skipped as it moved along the straight-edge: there are small blank spots and a few tiny blots; there are several lines a little farther apart from each other than are the rest of the lines. Similarly, each of the large wall drawings takes on the characteristics of the wall itself, as well as of the artist who worked on it. The imperfections of the wall become part of the drawing, just as the way in which the artist completes the drawing, so long as he does not alter the basic concept, becomes an accepted part of the finished work. One set of instructions will never bring about the same work twice; each time the instructions are followed, a different result occurs.

Each piece, therefore, exists in the "perfect" form that LeWitt imagines only while it is still in his mind. From the moment that it moves toward physical realization, it changes. This produces surprises of varying degree; the biggest surprise in the show became Wall 5. Ordinarily, LeWitt insists that the lines in his works be of an even density over the surface of the material covered, and that there should be no decorative pattern or shape to their arrangement. But as Doug Goodhill began to work on Wall 5, he found that the nature of the concept, which required each line to produce two new lines, meant that the density would increase as the work continued. Further, as he tried to finish the drawing without breaking the connection between the lines, Goodhill produced a "pattern" of sorts: a swooping curve-like shape that developed where the straight lines were arranged as though they were tangents to points on a large invisible circle. Goodhill, one of the five students from the Corcoran School of Art who worked on the five large walls, reports that LeWitt wasn't angry at the result: "I told him that the drawing was happening in a funny way, and he said, 'That's right; it's just happening.' He seemed to be pleased with it, and he didn't insist that it had to be one certain way."

As it turned out, the students became more stringent critics of their work than LeWitt did. When Bob Jones saw that he was slanting the lines on Wall 2 -- which calls for vertical lines, not touching, distributed evenly over the wall -- he, Doug Goodhill and Craig DeVere decided to paint out what had been done and to start over, using the seams and edges of the wall to make the lines more nearly true. This wasn't at LeWitt's insistence: "LeWitt didn't think it was necessary," recounts DeVere, "but we thought it had to be done. Even though I started work on another wall, I developed an interest in getting this one done right, and we all worked to finish it." The five students -- besides Goodhill, DeVere and Jones, the group included Alan Legro and Richard Steward -- found that their interest in the work increased as the week passed and the drawings grew nearer completion. They did the work as volunteers: "I wouldn't do it for pay," DeVere asserts. "This way, I feel I'm part of it; otherwise, it would just be a job. I'm coming in now because I want to. I'm happy to get it done and please LeWitt, because I'm impressed with him." The night before the opening, some of the students stayed in the gallery until 4:00 a. m., in order to finish the job to their satisfaction.

LeWitt's seemingly casual attitude toward the accidents that happen in the course of the work comes about because he has altered radically for himself his idea of what is important and what is not in making a work of art. By placing the element of choice and intuition in the development of a piece solely in the period of time before the piece takes on physical reality, he has freed himself from having to examine rationally every act that he takes as he completes the work. "I saw what was happening to the abstract expressionists," he explains. "They were repeating themselves. Each time they had to make a choice they were doing the same thing. They always seemed to be chasing after the perfect painting, which they never found." Reacting to this problem, LeWitt determined to make all decisions before making the art. "The intuition comes in making the plan, not after," he maintains, "and the art must agree with the concept. If I decide on the idea beforehand, then unforeseen things happen as I continue to work. Once I remove the element of rational choice from each step, the work can't repeat itself. When I force myself to stay with the plan to the end, even if it doesn't please me as much as I thought it would, I often find results that I didn't expect. It's like writing haiku: the rigidity of the form gives freedom."

The prints and pen and ink drawings on display in the gallery's office -- some on the wall, some in portfolios -- show many of the characteristics that are found in the wall drawings. Again there is the use of straight lines, sometimes in four colors, sometimes in one, but there is also a more elaborate exploration of the serial techniques that LeWitt has employed before in his sculpture. In each piece, variations of density are carefully built up by the use of angled, intersecting lines, so that at one side of the work the viewer sees separate sections of lines -- in the four-color drawings, each section a different color; in the black and white prints, each section at a different inclination -- and at the other side of the work, where the lines cross, there is a many-layered combination of colors and directions. The effect, which superficially may seem uninteresting, especially in the case of the black and white prints or single-color drawings, becomes compelling when the pieces are observed with care. In the multi-color works, the layers of color appear to float above and below each other, with the white of the paper, glimpsed through the interstices of the lines, giving an infinitely extended background. The black and white prints, on the other hand, with their close cross-hatching and intricate patterns, appear to show an afterimage of colors that they don't have, much as a small pattern of black and white on a color television set will seem to shimmer with colors when it is hit by the lights.

Another use of serialism is found in a group of new works that show LeWitt's assimilation of Japanese work in paper. These are the Folded Pieces, blank pieces of paper folded into small squares. When unfolded, each piece is a large square subdivided by the marks of the folds into smaller squares. They are designed to be kept in a drawer, taken out periodically by the viewer, unfolded, looked at, folded again, and replaced in the drawer. As the viewer folds and unfolds each piece, he takes part in a demonstration of serialism as the work is enlarged or made smaller by the addition and subtraction of identical, discrete shapes -- in this case, the square.

LeWitt's interest in serialism, which of course is in evidence in the large wall drawings as well (each of the drawings is built with straight lines, one foot long, in various combinations and arrangements), seems to be shared by the other conceptual artists who have exhibited at Protetch-Rivkin this year. With none of these artists is it possible to "get" the work with a single look from a set vantage point; each piece requires participation from the viewer, who must add a number of separate shapes and bits of information to obtain some idea of what is happening. Iain Baxter, of N. E. Thing Co., presented sets of photographs and documents, each set dealing with objects at an identical time but in separate locations, in order to deal with certain concepts. The viewer had to move from place to place in the gallery before he could assemble all the information. Joseph Kosuth required the same effort. It was necessary to rummage through every cardboard file drawer in the exhibit before one could comprehend Kosuth's extrapolations of, and reactions to, the Library of Congress's classification system. Robert Morris presented a similar problem in disguise. His works, which would have been conventional line drawings if done in ordinary pencil, were completed with such a faint hard line that they seemed at first glance not to be there. The viewer was forced to position himself approximately five inches from the surface of the paper in order to decipher the marks, and then he had to move slowly along the five-foot length of each drawing to discover what Morris was doing. Each drawing had to be assembled in the viewer's mind, through his memory of what he had seen a few paces back, because it was impossible to see the entire work at one time.

LeWitt's works are not so hard to see, although they too are done in a hard line, and, at the artist's request, all the lights have been removed from the gallery for the duration of the show. But even though the viewer can take in each drawing at a glance, he must examine it closely before he can discover exactly which regulated changes are in operation and what the concept is that was given form on the wall.

To help make such an examination easier, Protetch-Rivkin had a new kind of opening on Saturday. Instead of the usual two-hour evening crush, complete with spilled wine, an unbearable din, and an oversupply of people, there was a leisurely six-hour affair, held from noon to 6:00 p. m., which gave time for people to arrive in small groups and look at the art. Max Protetch, one of the co-owners of the gallery, was pleased with the experiment: "We got a chance to talk to people in a calm atmosphere," he reports. "The whole thing has been a good experience." The exhibit will continue through mid-May.

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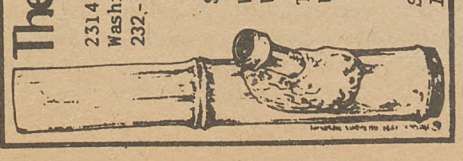


SMALL PRESS REVIEW

David J. Smith's Bull Island. The Back Door Press. 25 pgs.
This collection of twenty-two poems is marked by an intensely felt sense of place, an unusual purity of diction, and a deftly honed precision of cadence. The poems, individually and collectively, evoke the physically patterned lives and the hidden cosmic aspirations of the citizens of Bull Island, a fishing community. Through Mr. Smith's magic, the activities and dreams of his characters become charged with the universal significances that all men share, and yet the texture of a particular place is never lost.

A prevailing sense of awesome destiny, never quite realized, broods over these men and women of the water:

When they asked me why
I was a waterman
I told them riddles: how
I had seen my face
on the underside
of a white gull's wing
so it haunted me until
I believed some men sailed
forever through tightening circles
dreaming of getting back
to a place of beginning.
("Bull Island Waterman")

This destiny seems to lurk in and beyond the demanding day-to-day work that is always at hand and never finished:

All day I've sat
flapping bare flanks of mud
with my own thinning
universals to get this hulk
up and squibbing.
("Resurrection")

And the people go on, vaguely driven, compounded of muscle and blood and sweat, and confounded by whispers of promises and doubts:

The cat watches the flash
of my great steel needle through
dying coils of rope, the pools
of his eyes black with nets.
But there is no net
I can make of rope to catch
the thing I have lost.

Winds claw at the door;
the nets break like oars.
The Mallards race farther south
over lights that that slowly wink out.
("At the Netmender's Home")

The Back Door Press is Mr Smith's own endeavor. Aside from Bull Island, he lists the following titles:

Shelled Flesh by Bruce Guernsey
Fish, Sweet Giraffe, The Lion, Snake and Owl by Philip Dacey
Dilemma: Being An Account of the Wind That Blows the Ship of the Tongue by Peter Wild

The Back Door, a quarterly jornal of poetry and reviews, is now finishing its first year of publishing exciting pieces by both new and established poets. I don't believe the Back Door Press has any bookstore outlets in the Washington area, so write to P. O. Box 20006, Poquoson, Virginia, 23362.

Philip K. Jason

Aphra is a magazine of fiction, drama, poetry, criticism, sculpture, painting, etc. It's published four times a year. Subscription rate, $3. 50 four issues; $1. 00 single issue. Editorial office: 4 Jones Street, New York City, 10014. Letters and contributions should be sent to Box 355, Springtown, Pennsylvania, 18018. Aphra has published well known artists, but also seems very open to new people. The magazine is named after Aphra Behn, 1640-1689, the first women to make a living from writing.

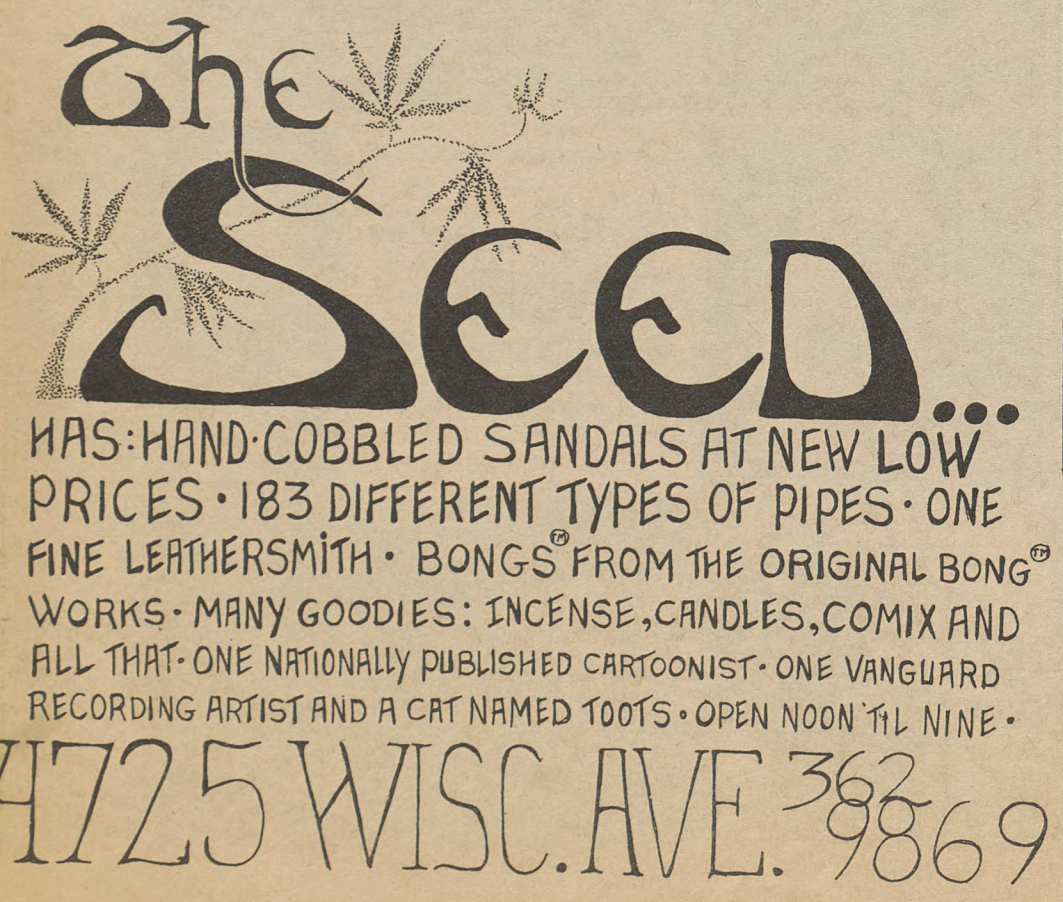
Earth's Daughters is a new literary magazine by and for women. The first issue (Feb 71) arrived recently, & it's dedicated to Emma Goldman, anarchist, feminist, editor and founder of Mother Earth. The poems and artwork are printed on separate sheets of paper enclosed in a folder (great for decorating rooms). There are 9 poems in #1; the poets include Tennise B. Morse, Denise Levertov, Marge Piercy, Jayne Lyn Stahl, & Patty Reynolds. The cover and three drawings inside are by Ruth Geller. Judith Kerman, Judith Treible, and Mindy Aloff are editors, and some of their poems are inside too. You can subscribe (2. 50 for 8 issues) by writing to 409 Richmond Avenue, Buffalo, New York, 14222.

There's a new magazine coming from Diana Press in Washington, D. C. soon. Regina Sigal is doing it at 1854 Wyoming Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C., 20009.

In terms of women freeing ourselves from male-defined roles and images, magazines likr these are vitally important. The literary tradition has emerged from male-dominated societies, and the "acceptable" tradition, the one that is taught in school and which fills anthologies, reflects the values of these societies, of this culture. Check out a Norton Anthology of English Literature, a standard college text; there are no women in it. Women were not allowed an education (this is a relatively new thing for us), and because we were not (are not) accustomed to have any expectations for ourselves beyond the stereotyped roles of wife, mother, and sex object, the tradition has emerged as predominantly a male one. But more than this, it has often been the case that the works of women artists have been supressed (Kate Chopin's The Awakening, for example) or that the more brilliant and hence threatening works have been surpressed in favor of socially acceptable ones (take the case of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; see Women; A Journal of Liberation, fall 1970). Women artists have had to overcome tremendous barriers (read Virginia Woolf's A Room of One's Own). So, the women artists are there, and they have often played vital parts in the creation and change of literary trends (Aphra Behn, Sarah Fielding, Fanny Burney on the creation of the novel form, for example), but the domination of men and the existence of class society, with its perpetuation of marriage and the family, has often been threatened by what women have been saying, and in truth by the fact that women would be saying them We have to rediscover our lost tradition, modify the present one, and consciously create our own until that time when no person will be oppressed or suppressed by individuals or institutions.

Earth's Daughters, Aphra, and others are part of the answer. Controlled by women, in total support of women's liberation, in total support of women, they provide a means through which women artist's (all women are artists in some way) can communicate. The male chauvinism which permeates most of the literary scene (including most little magazines which are predominantly the creations of men) makes the emergence of these women's magazines a very necessary and joyful occurence. As Marge Piercy says in "A Shadow Play for Guilt, " "I am not in your world but with my sisters. "

Paula Novotnak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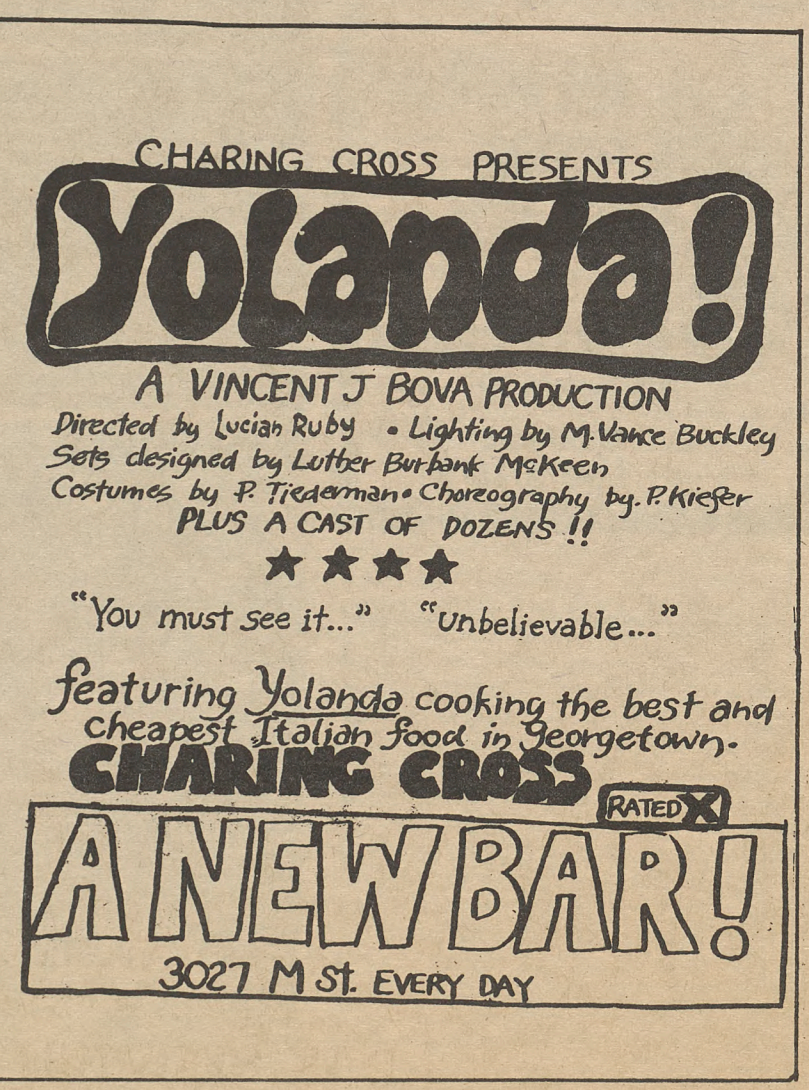
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I regret that there are some flaws in this issue that should not be there. Part of our copy was lost by accident- including Paul Jones' theatre reviews, the calendar, and a good number of the free classified ads. If you sent one in, andit obviously has not appeared, please send us another copy-we will run free classifieds for creative people, people who work with their hands or minds- such things as craftsmen, sculptors, photographers, gardeners, painters, musicians, etc., etc... Please try to keep the ads brief and to the point. Our point is to try to let other people know that you exist and can be reached, for people either to learn or to find service with you. Word of mouth will also help, so let people who might not see the paper know about our listings.

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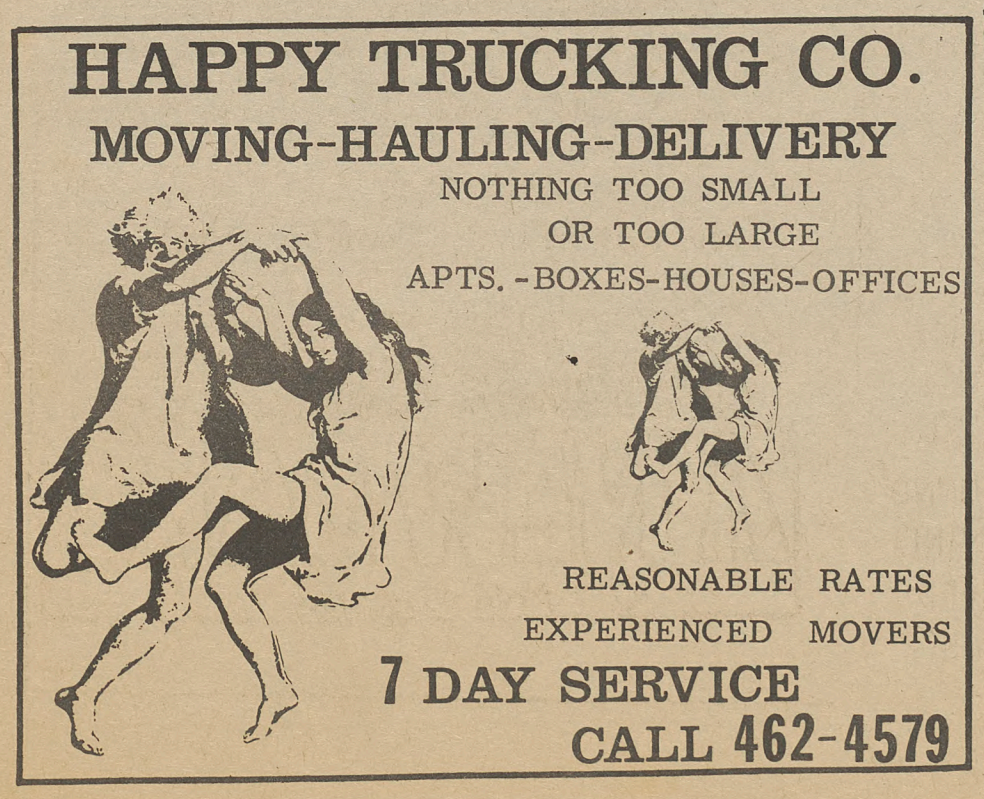

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